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DRUMMER

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ISSUE 28

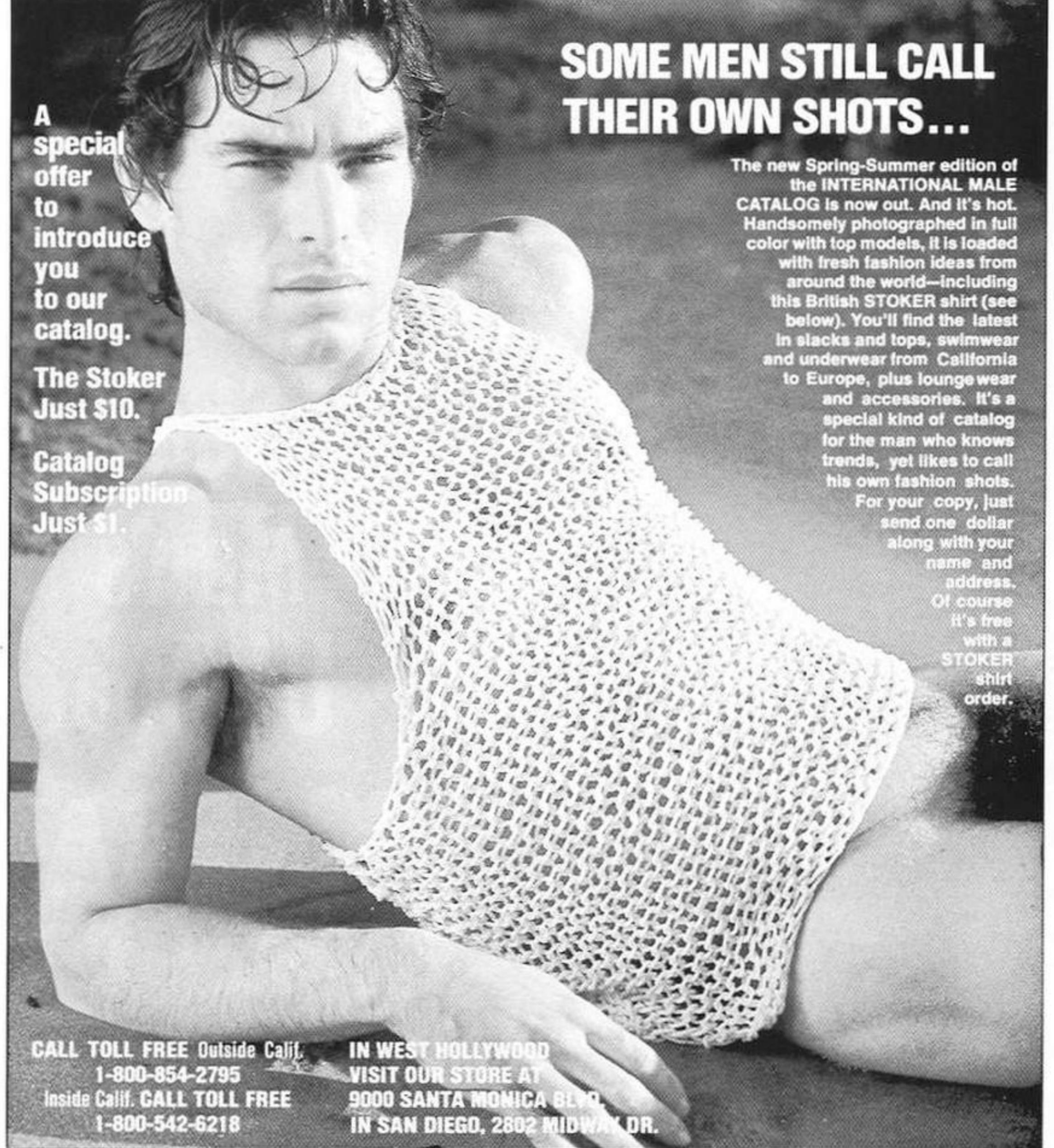
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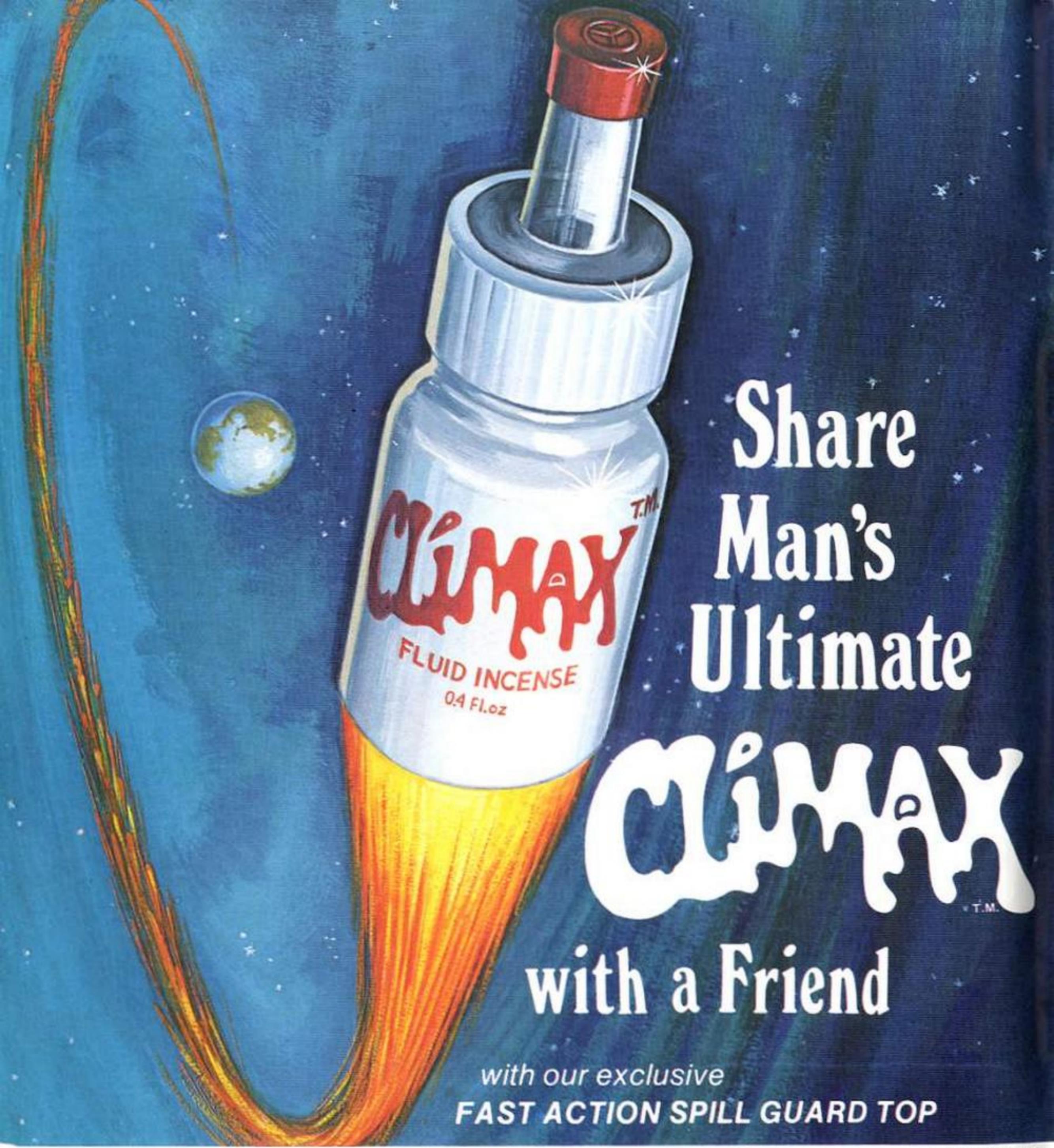
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DRUMMER

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Prick Tease: next issue, read all about
Pyramid Power!
(Drummer keeps you hungry.)

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau

DRUMMER

AMERICAN REVIEW OF GAY POPULAR CULTURE

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PUBLISHER JOHN H. EMBRY
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF JACK FRITSCHER
ART DIRECTOR AL SHAPIRO
ADVERTISING MANAGER ROBERT PAUL DUNN
CIRCULATION MANAGER BILL CUSHING
ASSISTANT CIRCULATION MANAGER RICK PRINCE

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS PHIL ANDROS, ALLEN EAGLES, JACK FRITSCHER, DR. RICHARD HAMILTON, DAVID HURLES, A. JAY, KURT KREISLER, ARNELL LARSEN, A.J. LAURENT, SCOTT MASTERS, ROBERT OPEL, ORLANDO PARIS, ROBERT PAYNE, J. TROJANSKI

CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS ATHLETIC MODEL GUILD, ROB CLAYTON, ROY DEAN, HANGING TREE RANCH, BOB HEFFRON, J&R STUDIOS, KENSINGTON ROAD, MEAN MACHINE, RICHARD MOORE, ROBERT OPEL, PHANTOM STUDIOS, WAKEFIELD POOLE, EFREN RAMIREZ, KIRBY SRIES, DAVID SPARROW, JIM STEWART, TARGET STUDIOS, JOE TIFFENBACH, BRUCE WERNER, ZEUS

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS ADAM, CHUCK ARNETT, BLADE, BLAKE, BUD, HARRY BUSH, DOMINO, ETIENNE, THE HUN, A. JAY, OLAF, REX, ROBIN WALDEN, TOM OF FINLAND, BILL WARD, ZACH

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MALECALL/Dear Sir:

LEATHER FRATERNITY

You won't believe what a friend of mine has gotten through the mail, so I am enclosing it. It is a newsletter from your Leather Fraternity with a short story about sex with seven year olds with a gruesome ending about the killing and disposing of the body of one of the boys.

This is really what we need with the press blaring away in Chicago and Boston and California about these kinds of murders. I thought shit about sex with even teenagers was taboo. What gives?

E.N.
Chicago, IL

Thank you for calling this to our attention. We find it hard to believe also. The publication you are referring to is put out sporadically by Jeanne Barney, who has chosen to usurp the name LEATHER FRATERNITY. Our main irritation with Ms. Barney to date has been her constant badmouthing. While her newsletter has very little circulation, with this kind of content, it is indeed endangering those involved with it.

We are of the opinion that Ms. Barney or her associates are not advocating sex with children nor "snuff" activity, but that she merely used this opportunity to use material without payment, since it seems to be an excerpt from a book she is hawking.

Needless to say, Ms. Barney has no connection whatever with the original LEATHER FRATERNITY nor DRUMMER, and we certainly have no responsibility for the "newsletter" you enclosed.

— Ed.

DRUMMER RIDES AGAIN

As advertised in one of your recent issues towards the end of 1978 was telling your readers of an up and coming issue titled "GALA YEAR ISSUE."

When do you expect this "GALA" issue to come out and will it be available in the bookstores or by special subscription.

Looking forward to hearing from you with above requested information. So enjoy your publication — keep up the great work. Also, would greatly enjoy ever so much seeing more articles on foot fetish and more photos showing beautiful scrumptious feet.

W.B.L.
N.Y.

Thanks for asking. This year our annual will be called "DRUMMER RIDES AGAIN" and should come out in time for our anniversary in June. There should be another article for you foot fanciers issue after this one. Ed.

HANGING HUNKS

You are the best — issue 26 very enjoyable. Why not feature a contemporary hunk in bondage? Too bad nobody ever gagged poor Lex to add to his misery. My only criticisms — not enough bondage and you don't print often enough. Ever think of making some S&M films for gays? It's a sadly neglected market.

J.R.S.
N.Y.

PASS THE MINERAL OIL, PLEASE

I wouldn't necessarily want to be Mr. Drummer but I would like to pose with my dick up some man's ass. I would like to be striped nude with another guy sitting on my stiffer while I have my hands on his ass grabbing and squeezing. I don't have a photograph but I sort of look like the guy in Drummer issue 25 between pages 48 and 57. I am quiet, shy, but can be very serious and would like to pose nude for Drummer.

What is your answer?

D.D.
L.A.

Ed. Great. Where is a pix?

PRIME BEEF

Few days ago I received your issue 26. As usual top quality. But I am writing you to say thanks for your punctuality, and to ask you if my subscription needs to be renewed? I don't want to miss your next issues.

In two months I will be 40 (sic) but thanks to your mag I keep myself in good shape (body and mind) and it will be nice if you can do something about us guys between 40 and 50, of course in your usual macho style. I don't want to take too much of your precious time so I slap you in your nice butt and I say Ciao.

T.M.
SWITZERLAND

JOCKS, JOCKS, JOCKS

The cover on Issue 26 is more than I ever could have hoped for. This is a good start in covering jockstraps in each issue. Give us jockstraps, jockstraps, jockstraps and more jockstraps!

Also, could you quickly send me the address of Macho Jocks that it was said could be obtained through Drummer? I say quickly because I want to be sure to get a couple before they run out!

Signing off now, wearing a jockstrap a good buddy got good and raunchy for me.

M.O.
MASS.

A MASSAGE EXPERIENCE

I would like to inform you that my new business is now operating at Dave's Villa Caprice in Palm Springs. "A Massage Experience" initially will be run by me, Richard Locke. I have graduated from the San Francisco Massage Institute and I am licensed by the County of Riverside. I have a student now and will conduct workshops in the future but the main emphasis will be on giving patrons a sensuous massage. A sensuous massage is simply, an experience in which the mind and body are nurtured in an envelope of pleasure. I hope you can use this information in a listing for your California Guide.

Richard Locke
Desert Hot Springs, CA

TURNED ON AND UP

By the way, let me congratulate you for the fine "job" with "Drummer." It is the most read mag I found about men's play. Keep on turning the men on and be sure a lot of guys read "Drummer" here in Montreal. More stories like "Corporal in charge of taking care of Captain O'Malley" please. What a turn on man.

W.L.
Montreal

No other magazine could compare with Drummer. Issue 25 is the greatest. Please keep up the good work.

DICK
St. Louis, MO

SHAVED "CHEYENNE"

Glad you were able to find a good photo of Clint Walker. He was at his best on TV, I think. (One remembers those annual interviews in which he solemnly demanded natural food and a bigger salary.) The large screen merely showed that he had hair on his shoulders. Better to remember him as "Cheyenne" — the Ultimate Mesomorph, entirely in black-and-white, and hairless as the Elgin marbles.

F.S.
Berkeley, CA

FADED FETISH

In your early issues you sent out a call for articles on various fetishes. I have not seen one on faded levis.

There are many people into a fetish for levis as seen by the thousands who wear them. The fact that many bars are labeled "Levi-leather" indicate a strong attraction to levis as well as leather. In most of these bars more than 90 percent are dressed in levis, some in leather jackets and boots. This is clear testimony of the interest in levis. A number of ads in the "Personal" columns of Advocate express an interest in meeting others into levis.

S.M.
CA

LEX IS SEX

Thank you very much for the exciting article on Lex "Tarzan" Barker. I hope

you will branch out by writing a photo biography of Lex Barker. There isn't a bio on Lex. You will make all his fans very happy if you will do it. Like you say a book about him needs plenty of photos.

W.A.
HAWAII

FUCKIN' ASSHOLE!

I answered a slave's ad, No. 116 in your recent issue — the fucking asshole slave forgot to give his address in his reply. Please forward this again. Thanks, and keep up the good work man, it's one fucking hot magazine that really makes my sap rise.

THE LEATHER FRATERNITY

A short note of appreciation for the excellent service of the past seven or eight months since I last wrote. The letters have been forwarded to me quickly and the Drummer has been coming with a fair degree of regularity. Glad everything finally seems to have fallen in place out there.

Box 055

LONDON CALLING

The popular proprietor of London's famous Coulherne Bar has a new pub, the Royal Vauxhall Tavern, and his many loyal leather patrons are now crowding in there. It is near the Vauxhall Station, London S.W. You read it here first!

A.Jay
S.F.



ASS WATCHER

Why not an article on "butt fetish" — large massive big asses on the following: football studs, sailors in skin tight whites, construction workers, body builders, cowboys in skin tight washed out levis, cops, USMC, RTS — requirements of these gorgeous face sitters: 6 footers (no less than 5'11"), 185 lbs. to 210 lbs+. Example: great massive buns ass drawn by A.Jay! Love watching mens big asses in skin tight clothing — the bigger the ass the bigger the turn on!! Have fantasy about being an ass taster — yes a Rimmer! Down on knees just tasting lovely big "massive" he-man ass! Also am an "ass watcher." That Nebraska team: new Years Day and some beautiful, ripe, ass — two or three guys kept pulling their uniforms up! For that tight fit — "ass showing" — made my mouth water throughout the game! (I'm sure those studs are aware of what they're doing — probably crave a good big stiff thick tonguing at that forbidden "bung hole!"

Great asses to watch: Robert Conrad, James Garner, Robert Fuller, Cornel Wild and YOUNGER: (stow yours book) John Wayne; Ward Bond, Preston Foster, Bill Williams, Jeff Richard, Rich Boone, Rich Allen, etc.

Also, how about an article on Mustaches, love them too! Big thick ones with a rugged man smoking a cigar; many rugged 6 ft. 250 lbs. men are well known clit chewers.

ASSMAN

How about these hunky buns, you rim freaks! — Ed.

MORE LETTERS ON PAGE 66

BUSTED!



BY DEREK

"DAMN YOU!" I CRY, SNORTIN' AND CHOKIN' AS COP-PISS SPLASHES OVER MY NOSE AND MOUTH. THEN HE SWINGS THAT FUCKIN' HOSE LIKE THE PLACE WAS ON FIRE, DRENCHIN' ME ALL OVER WITH HIS STINKIN' JUICE.

A DRUMMER One Handed, Friction·Fiction Winner. A Four Load Fantasy Trip!

I never could keep my mouth shut. Growin' up, I was a real smart-assed punk. Saw a lot of the ol' woodshed, too. My old man used to beat my bare ass raw with his belt, cussin' at me and tellin' me that I'd never be any good. Got thrown out of school every other month or so for bad-mouthin' a teacher. Know what I mean? Like, even then I said too much for my own good. Still do. Old habits are hard to break, I guess.

I live in a small town, too. That just makes it twice as bad. In a small town, everybody knows everybody, and what you say gets around quicker 'n a prairie fire. I'm lucky, bein' single and all. A real tomcat. Folks don't bother me much. I'm self-employed, too. Mechanic. My own boss, you might say. I like it that way. Most of the time.

My mouth still gets me in a heap of trouble, though. More 'n I like to think about. Take last summer. There I sat, mindin' my own business, havin' a beer or two at the local waterin' hole. It was a weekday afternoon, if I recollect rightly. Not many folks around, I was fed up with work, y'know? Like, I just couldn't do it no more. So there I sat, sippin' suds and catchin' the soaps on the tube over the bar. God, what shit those housewives watch!

Anyway, there I am bein' a good boy for once, when in comes this cop in motorcycle gear. I mean — HOT DAMN! — this guy's dressed for the kill. White helmet and silvered glasses. Black leather jacket. Dark blue pants, the kind with the funny bulges on the hips and white stripes down the sides. High black boots. He stands in the doorway, pullin' off kid gloves finger by finger, lookin' around. I nearly choke on my beer. He snatches off his glasses, swaggers over to the bar, hops up on the stool beside me.

I know right off he ain't from around here. Like I said, in a small town, everybody knows everybody. And there sure as hell ain't a cop within cruisin' distance that looks as sharp as this dude. I forget all about the soaps.

"Gimme a draft," he grunts, slappin' his gloves on the bar. The fat little bartender fetches a brew while I check 'im out. His pants are a little tighter 'n they oughtta be. Heavy black leather belt with night-stick on one side, holster on the other. It's occupied. A chrome pair of cuffs dangle down his ass. He whips off his helmet and lays it on the bar, too. I near enough fall on the floor when I see them jet-black curls.

The bartender comes back. The cop throws him a buck. "Thanks."

I smile nice 'n friendly. "Y'ain't from 'round here, are ya?" "What's it to you?"

I shrug. "Nothin'. Just never seen ya here before."

He stares at me with steely-blue eyes, real unfriendly. Do I see him givin' me the once over? It's hard to tell with some guys whether they're cruisin' or not, y'know?

"Just chased some creep in a hopped-up dune buggy twenty miles down the interstate," he says. "Cocksucker thought he'd get away from me, too. But I showed him."

"What happened?"

"Caught him when he got off here. There was a train passing through. He had to stop." He sips his beer. Foam gathers on his thick black moustache. He wipes it off. "I turned him in to your local authorities."

"I thought cops weren't allowed to drink on the job," I say, teasin' just a bit.

"I'm off duty now. I've earned my fucking pay for the day!" He turns away.

We just sit there a couple a minutes, not sayin' nothin'. He stares straight ahead, like he's tryin' to read the labels on the top-shelf liquor or somethin'. I do my best to strip him with my eyes. The bulge in his pants is nice. Real nice. Once I think I catch him eyein' me in the mirror. After a bit he hauls this thick cigar from his shirt pocket and lights up. His jacket squeaks nice'n sweet when he moves. I pretend not to notice, but the bastard seems to be tryin' his best to blow the smoke right in my face. I cough.

"What's the matter?" He grins. "Don't you smoke cigars?" I'm feelin' my beer by this time, y'know? And what the hell! The bartender's out of earshot. So I open my mouth a little too much.

"Naw. Not those kind. I only smoke big fat white ones. Like y'got there between yer legs."

Well, you'da thought that dude was hit by a brick! He just glares at me, his eyes drillin' more holes in my head 'n a sawed off shotgun. I know right away that I've done it again. It's woodshed time.

"What did you say!?" he growls.

"You heard me."

Thinkin' I've called his bluff, I grin. Well, quicker 'n a pissed-off bull, that cop knocks me off that barstool and has me belly-down on the floor. I don't even get a chance to fight back 'fore he gets them cuffs on my wrists real tight. I yelp. Hearin' all the commotion, the fat bartender runs around front.

"Hey, what's going on here?" he squeals.

The cop pushes him aside. "You just mind your own business, Pop. I'm taking this punk in for questioning."

Nobody budges as he hauls me off the floor. I'm scared shit now. I feel sure my ass is gonna be grass. The cop grabs his helmet and stuff off the bar, chugs the rest of his beer, and shoves me toward the door. The two of us clomp outta there and onto the street. There's this big bike parked out front. A real mean-lookin' machine. All black and chrome. The cop pushes me over to it.

"Get on, punk. Straddle that sucker and move back!"

I do as he says. He puts his gear back on, then swings into the saddle in front of me and revs 'er up. I can feel the deep vibes jigglin' my crotch. Damn! I'm startin' to get a hard-on.

"Hang on, punk. Here we go!"

It ain't easy holdin' on to one of them things, what with your hands cuffed behind your back like that. I grab onto the seat behind me and hang on for dear life. The cop guns that machine and takes off.

We head out of town, to the west. I have no idea where we're goin', and I'm too scared of fallin' off to care much. As we ride along, I can't help but slide forward a little. My hard dick presses right up against the cop's ass. If he feels it, I'm thinkin', he sure as hell don't mind!

We zoom along for a good half-hour or so. I'm hidin' from the wind behind his broad, leather-covered back. He pays me no mind, but keeps on goin' to wherever it is he's takin' me. People in cars look at me kinda strange-like, y'know? But, hell! What could I do?

After a bit we leave the main drag and the cop hightails it up a windin' side road. I thought I knew this part of the state backwards, but this place I ain't never been to before. I know by the way the houses are gettin' few and far between that we ain't headed for no town, either.

Another half-hour goes by. Then we turn off that road and onto a dirt track that just goes off into the woods. Shit, man! My fingers are gettin' numb from holdin' on. We bump and swerve along that trail for a good couple a miles, kickin' up a cloud of dust that would've blinded a noose. Just when I think I can't hold on no more, we round a corner and there stands this cabin. Not much to look at, but cozy. The cop pulls us up alongside and shuts the engine off.

"What's this?" I ask. "The jailhouse?"

"Get off, cocksucker!"

I slide off the bike and stand there lookin' stupid. The cop opens one of those slanty little doors beside the cabin that leads down to the cellar from outside. He motions me toward the stone steps.

"Get your ass down there, Pronto!"

I oblige, still unsure of what's goin' on, but happy not to be in some rat-assed jail waitin' for a judge. The cop climbs down after me and pulls the door shut.

The cellar is dark and cool. Real dirt-smellin'. My friend here yanks on a cord. A single naked bulb lights the place up. I take a quick look around. Pretty normal cellar, if y'ask me. No

dungeon like I kinda expected. Furnace, water heater, some grey metal shelves stacked with tools, and junk everywhere. Over in one corner there's a blue mat and barbells. A regular mini-gym. The cop shoves me toward the mat. As I shuffle across the cement floor, the bastard trips me. I fall flat on my face, bangin' my cheek real hard.

"Motherfucker!" I shout.

"Shut up, you piece of shit! And get over there!" The cop kicks me in the ass with his black boot. I crawl on my belly 'til I'm on the mat. "Now strip!"

"Ain't ya gonna undo the cuffs?"

He kicks me again. "I said 'STRIP', dammit!"

I get the idea real quick. I sit up the best I can and shuck off my boots one by one, usin' the other foot to help. Then I squirm outta my pants. Lucky I'm wearin' my work pants today. They're kinda loose. I ain't got no underwear on either. The cop smiles at that. Now my socks. I try to shuck them off with my feet, too, but I'm gettin' nowhere fast.

"Use your teeth, punk," the cop says.

Well, I look up at him, then down at them dirty, wool sweatsocks and think, *Momma, you were right. I oughtta change 'em every day like you said. But that ain't gonna help me now!* Bendin' over real far, I pretty near break my back catchin' hold of my toes with my teeth. Whew! My mouth tastes like the inside of a gym locker. But it works. I tug 'n tug 'til they come off, then toss 'em aside.

My shirt is more of a hassle. I wiggle around on my belly like a fuckin' snake 'til I bust all the goddamn buttons off. The cop stands over me, cussin' and kickin' me in the butt. Hell! I'm doin' my best! But there's no way I'm gonna get it off past those cuffs. When I work it down to my wrists in back, he grabs a huntin' knife from one of the metal shelves and hacks it off.

"This'll make a nice cum-rag," he says, tossin' it into the corner.

I get real mad. "You asshole. That was my best shirt!"

"Shut up, punk!"

The cop shoves his boot into my chest and stomps me to the mat. I just lay there lookin' up at him, breathin' heavy what with his weight bearin' down on my lungs. I'm stark naked now, and I see him scan my body exposed to his pleasure. I'm startin' to sweat a little.

"That's better." His mouth wrinkles beneath that bushy moustache into a sneer. "Seems we got to teach you some manners, boy. You can start by cleaning these boots for me."

He lifts his foot off my chest, leavin' a dirty footprint between my tits. The boot comes back down on my face, bendin' my nose to one side so I can hardly breathe.

"Lick it, punk!"

Seein' as I'm in no position to protest, I do it. I stick out my tongue and run it over the rough sole of his boot. It tastes like dirt and grease and God-only-knows what else. But I do it. He moves his foot around some so I can get my tongue in the crack by the heel. When I finish with that one, he makes me do the other, too.

"That's it, you fucking jerk. Clean those boots real good. And I'd better not find a speck of dirt on them when you're through. Or else."

I don't bother askin' what the "or else" is. I can guess. It wouldn't be fun. When I've licked the bottoms clean, he makes me get up on my knees and clean the shiny black tops of them boots, too. All the way up his calves. The smell of the well-oiled leather and the smooth feel of it on my tongue start gettin' me roused. I can feel my cock stickin' out from between my legs. I'm sure he sees it too. When he's satisfied that I've done a good job, he pushes me away. Suddenly I don't feel so sassy anymore.

"Now sit!" he orders.

I obey, but my heart ain't in it. The dude rolls a barbell up behind me. I feel the metal shaft pressin' hard and cold against the back of my ass. Shit! There must be three hundred pounds on that thing! It clanks and squeaks as he moves it into position. Then he undoes one cuff, passes it around the shaft of the weights, and clamps it back on me again. I can rest my hands on the mat. But I sure as hell can't get up. Not with all that iron holdin' me down.

"Spread your legs, you turd!" the cop barks. "WIDE!"

I do. He grabs a long piece of nylon cord from a shelf and ties it 'round my nuts real tight, y'know? Like, I'm beginnin' to get a little worried now. But my cock — God love it — is

standin' up real stiff 'n pretty. When he gets them fuckin' nuts of mine lassoed up tighter 'n a longhorn steer, he throws the other end of the cord over a rafter and hauls me up.

Believe me, man. I make a noise!! As that bastard lifts me off the mat by my balls, I let out a howl! I struggle to lift myself up by my hands and feet. There I am, crab-style on his fuckin' gym mat, hoistin' myself up as far as I can and archin' my back so as not to lose the family jewels. I can't take my eyes off my poor nutsac, stretched and red, reachin' for the sky. And every time I lift myself a little higher to ease the pain, that fuckin' cop pulls on the rope so I gotta strain even more.

"That's it, punk" he laughs. "Get yourself up there or you'll be missing something mighty important."

I'm gruntin' and sweatin' a river by now. Up on my fingers and tip-toes. My fuckin' nuts hurt like hell. The cop ties the rope off and leaves me swingin' there by my balls. He strips off his jacket and shirt. Real slow-like, y'know? He's watchin' me all the time. Standin' real close to my feet, too, so I can kick him right in the crotch if I want to. He's teasin' me, y'see. Exposin' himself like that. But I know better. Sure, I could kick the hell outta his cop-nuts and make him scream. But I'd probably lose mine if I tried. I decide it ain't worth de-ballin' myself just to see him double over.

He throws his jacket and shirt on the floor. I can see now he uses those fuckin' barbells for more 'n just tyin' folks down. I mean, SHEEIT MAN! The bastard's built like a Mac truck. Thick black fur covers his pecs, trailin' down his chisled belly and disappearin' below the belt. His fuckin' arms look like cables with knots tied in 'em. I see right then I was smart not to try to fight him back there in the bar. Don't get me wrong. I put up a hell of a good scrap. But even I know better 'n to tangle with guys like this. He woulda ripped my head right off!

Damn it, though! I have to admit that cop looks sexier 'n the Devil himself. And just about as dangerous. He reaches in a tool box and pulls out two spring clips like they use on the leashes of them German police dogs. They're big mothers. All shiny and silver. A short chain hooks 'em one to the other. He pinches my tits real rough between his leather fingers 'til they're hard and pointy. Then he snaps a clip on each one. I suck in air through my teeth as those cold metal fuckers bite into me. But for once I don't say nothin'.

"That's right, punk," the cop says. "Just keep your trap shut. Start complaining, and I just might get mad."

I look him in the eyes. All I see is my own reflection in those silvery mirrors. I'm surprised to see fear in my face. I think, *Buddy, this time you done bit off more 'n you can chew!* The cop stands up nice 'n slow, unzips his pants, and hauls out the biggest uncut joint I've seen since my locker room days. He manhandles it, y'know? Pullin' and rubbin' it real rough. I watch that monster grow 'til it's almost hard. Then before I know what's happenin', the damn thing explodes in my face with a gush of hot piss.

"Damn you!" I cry, snortin' and chokin' as cop-piss splashes over my nose and mouth. Then he swings that fuckin' hose like the place was on fire, drenchin' me all over with his stinkin' juice.

"That's all you punks are good for," he growls, aimin' it back in my face. "Fuckin' toilets, all of you!" He grabs me by my hair and pulls 'til I cry out in pain. Seein' my mouth wide open, he shoves his spurtin' cock down my throat. "Drink it!"

He pisses harder. I gag a little, and he shakes my head by the hair. Soon I'm swallowin' that cop's funky piss like I was dyin' of thirst. It's salty and warm, and I feel my belly swellin' up as he fills me with piss. I look up, tears in my eyes. He's grinnin' from ear to ear as he watches me drink his golden cock-juice fresh from the spigot.

Jesus! That guy had a load that wouldn't stop. I thought I was donna' drown in his piss, when he suddenly lets me go and pulls out.

"That's a good boy," he laughs. "Just keep up the good work and I may let you have some more later." He pulls the black night-stick from his belt and sticks it under his cock. Once more the piss gushes out, splashin' me and his own pants 'til a dark blue wet spot covers his crotch. He soaks the stick real good. There's a knot in my guts. I don't have to guess where that thing's gonna go. With his dick still drippin' piss on the cement floor, he stomps 'round between my legs and rams that son of a bitch up my butt.



"AAWWWWW, CHRIST!!!" I yell. It feels like a fuckin' telephone pole, "YOU MOTHER FCKER!!!" "CAN IT!!!"

I bite my lip and moan as he reams my ass real slow with his fuckin' night-stick. He moves it in and out for awhile. Then he holds it deep in my ass and twists it round and round. My cock is harder 'n hell by now. And my poor balls feel like they're gonna rip right off. But I hold on. When he's got me good 'n loose, the cop leaves the stick up my ass, tyin' it's leather thong 'round the base of my cock so it'll stay put. I wriggle my ass, tryin' to get rid of it. But no dice.

He comes back beside me, rubbin' my legs, belly, and chest lightly with his kid-skinned palms. He looks mighty pleased with himself and the fix he's got me in. I realize I've never been so aware of my body before. Signals of pain and pleasure flood my brain from all over 'til I can't tell 'em apart. Tits, balls, asshole. The sharp taste of piss on my tongue. Muscles taut. I can tell he likes my body, too, the way he's lookin' at it and pawin' me all over.

"You limp dick son of a bitch!" I cuss. "I'll get you for this!"

He looks real mad now. He whips that .45 outta his holster and points it in my face.

"I said 'can it', punk!" Then grinnin' weird-like, he moves that death machine toward me real slow. I'm *really* scared shit now, y'know? Like, what if the guy's a psycho or somethin'?! He inches the barrel closer and closer 'til it touches my lips.

"That thing's not got bullets in it, does it?"

He grins. "Now, wouldn't you hate to find out." He sticks the barrel in my mouth. "Suck on it, punk. Suck my fucking gun!"

I touch the tip of it with my tongue. It tastes a little like oil and a little like gunpowder.

"I SAID 'SUCK IT,' YOU PIECE OF SHIT!! NOW DO IT!!" He flicks off the fuckin' safety.

Man, you better believe I start suckin' on that metal dick like my life depends on it! His prick is stickin' outta his fly like a flagpole. I suck and suck on that thing 'til my jaw aches. Just when I think I can't do it no more, he pulls it out and lays it on the floor. I'm relieved, believe me! I don't take my eyes off him as he pulls his black leather belt from his pants. He yanks his bull-sized balls out, too, and lets 'em drop. Doublin' up the belt, he cracks it across his palm. He grins. I groan.

"You can take it, pisshole!" He swats me across the stomach with that fuckin' strap. GODDAMN! THAT THING STINGS! He does it again, movin' down closer to my hard cock. I'm shakin' like crazy now, y'know? Like, I'm tryin' to hold myself up while he lays into me. Stomach, chest, tits, thighs. He hits 'em all, over and over. I know if I relax it won't hurt so much. But hell! I can't! My skin is on fire. He swings real low, smackin' that strap right across my stiff prick. I hear myself screamin'.

"AAWWWWW, GODDAMN IT!! STOP!! PLEASE!!"

He swats it again, and this time he gets a piece of my strung-up balls, too.

"SHIT, MAN!! STOP!! NO MORE!! PLEASE!!"

"Have you learned your lesson, punk?" CRACK!

"AAAAGGGHH! YES! YES!!"

He lets up. "YES, WHAT?"

"YES, SIR!"

My chest is heavin' and my legs are shakin' like they're gonna give out any minute. He throws the belt down, straddles my neck, and lays those fat cop-balls on my face. The fur on his nuts sticks up my nose. I can smell the sour piss-soaked pants.

"Chew on 'em, punk," he orders. "Real hard."

I suck 'em up like I was starvin'. He jacks himself off, his leather fist flailin' away like crazy.

"Harder! Eat 'em up!"

I get it. He really wants it rough. I oblige, chompin' down on those hairy nuts to pay the bastard back for his hospitality. The cocksucker howls, but he keeps on friggin' his meat over my face, harder and harder. Goo drips outta the hole in the tip, y'know? Long and stringy. Some of it lands on my eyes. But I just keep chawin' down on his balls.

When I get 'em all slobbery and red, he pulls 'em out and sticks the shiny head of his fat dick in my mouth instead.

"Now chew on that!"

Okay. I chomp my teeth on that fuckpole real hard. The cop moans. I'm startin' to get off on this. Know what I mean? That warm prick sure tastes good! It's all red and wet, with big veins stickin' out all along it. I run my tongue up and down the underside, testin' his sweat and smellin' his funky crotch. Then I chew on the slick head of it, swallowin' the sticky sweet fuck-juice as it oozes down my throat. When it's wet enough, he pulls out and stomps around between my legs again.

"Now for the best part," he laughs.

Real rough, he yanks that night-stick outta my sore hole and lets it hang there. In goes his cock. It's hot, man! He grinds his fuckin' hips so as to ream my ass real good. Suddenly he reaches over me and grabs the chain between my tits. He pulls on it. Hard! I holler, but he just yanks some more, stretchin' my tits like they're made of plastic.

"Here we go, punk!" he hollers.

Man, that cop starts fuckin' my hole like he ain't had a piece of ass for a year. And there's nothin' I can do. There I am, gettin' fucked royal by this muscle-bound cop, my balls tied to the ceilin' and my tits yanked up and down with each thrust of that hard, hot pole. Let me tell ya! I don't know what's happenin'! Like, I go crazy! I feel electric. Moanin' and cussin', my whole body flexes like a coiled spring. My dick burns. SHIT, MAN! I'M GONNA COME!! I look down at the gooey hole in the tip of my cock and groan. The cop laughs again and rams his prick in harder.

"COME, PUNK! SHOOT IT OUT!! NOW!!"

I can't stop myself. "AAWWWWW, JESUS! FUCK ME, YOU GOD DAMN COP! FUCK IT! FUCK IT!! FUCK IT!!!"

I see my cock squirtin' scads of white spunk all over. Some of it hits me in the face. I scream again — real animal-like. But this time it's with pleasure.

"That's it, you piece of shit! Come all over yourself." He yanks real hard on my tits. Another load shoots from my quiverin' dick.

"Yes, Sir!" I yell.

I feel his hot cream floodin' my guts. Damn! It feels great! Jets of boilin' cop-cum fill my ass. I go nuts. Hell! I ain't never come so much in my life!

When he's through dumpin' his load in my ass, he rubs his hands in my cum, spreadin' it all over my naked body. Then he sticks those leather fingers in my mouth and makes me lick all the sticky gism off 'em. I clean his hands real good, y'know? I'm lappin' my own cum off his fingers and lovin' it. Finally, he pulls outta my ass and stands up.

"Not bad, punk," he says, grinnin'. His dick is all swollen and sticky, and his balls are soaked with split cream. He grabs his shirt and jacket off the floor and throws 'em over his shoulder. He's breathin' real hard.

"Ain't ya gonna let me up now, Sir?" I ask, real polite.

He just laughs. "Nope. Wouldn't want ya to wander off now, would I. You just stay put." He turns and leaves.

I don't recollect how long he leaves me there. It takes me a while just to stop shakin'. Jees! I ain't never had a scene like that before. My fuckin' cock is still hard even though I'm covered from head to crotch in my own cum. I hear the cop clompin' around upstairs. I manage little by little to inch that fuckin' barbell forward 'til the rope on my balls goes slack just a bit. But I still have to hold my ass up there in the air.

It gets dark. I remember that. I'm probably only alone down there a couple a hours, but it feels like a fuckin' week. Then I hear footsteps on the stairs again. The cop comes back, dressed and showered. He stands over me, and I can't help gettin' another hard-on just lookin' at the dude. Know what I mean?

"Well, punk," he says, foldin' those iron arms across his chest. "I've been thinking. You did a real bad thing back there in that bar. Propositioning an officer of the law!" He sighs real heavy and shakes his head. "So I've decided."

Decided what? I think. What's this bastard got in mind?!

"Thirty days," he says, "or three hundred dollars."

"What?!"

"You heard me. For makin' an obscene suggestion to a police officer, you get thirty days. Here. Or three hundred dollars if I take you in. What's it going to be?"

I just stared at that hunk in the uniform, standin' over me like that. Hell! What could I do? He licked his lips slightly, then grinned. I took the thirty days.

But that's another story.

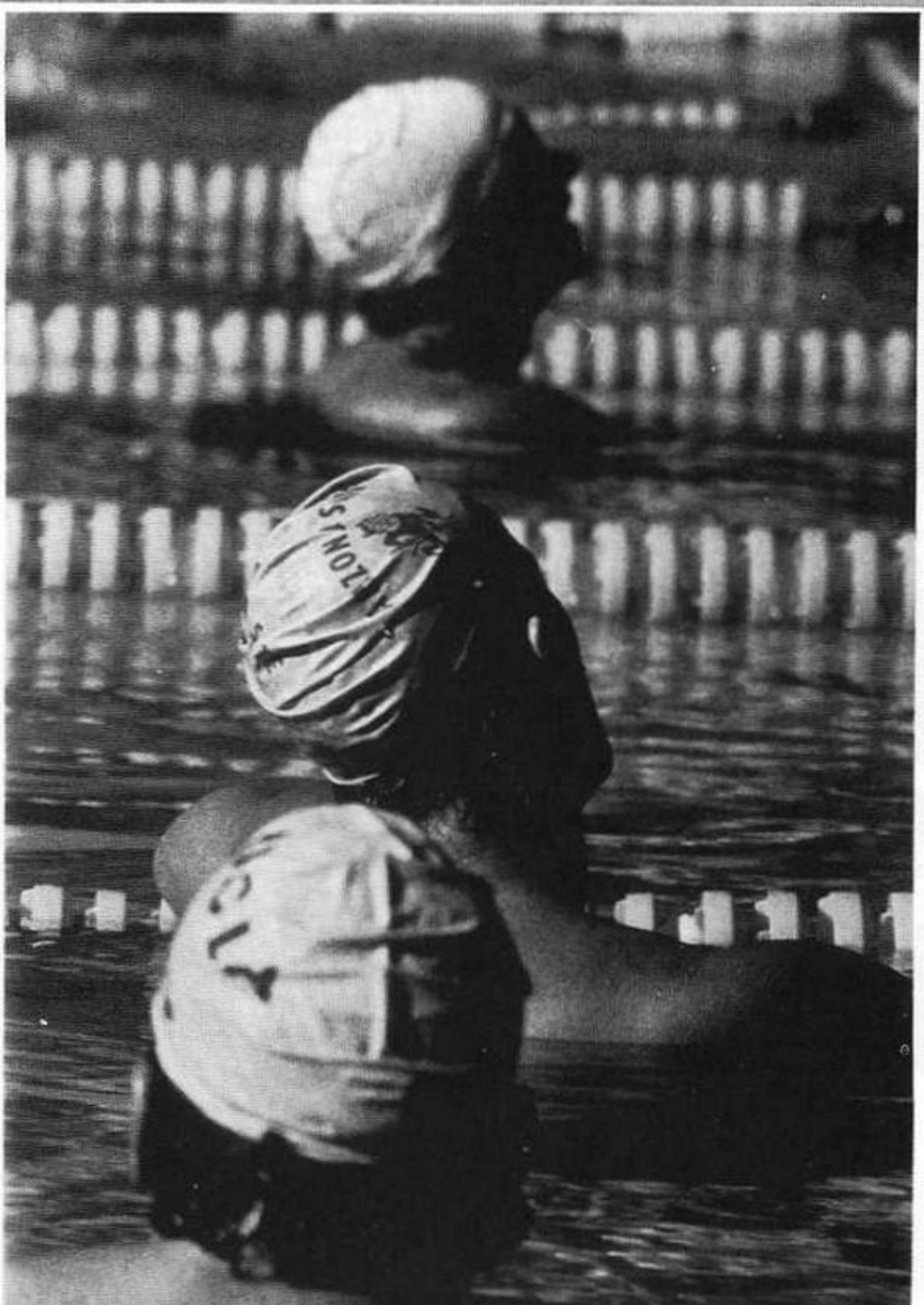


PHOTO ESSAY: DAVID SPARROW PHOTOGRAPHY
TEXT: JACK FRITSCHER

WET STOUGH!

Swimmer's Body. Long, lean,
hardmuscled.
Water Jocks. Sunfreckled shoulders.
Chest and arms built, lap after grinding
lap,
of backstroke, crawl, and butterfly.
Clean chlorine smell of 'pits and crotch
and sunstreaked hair.

Robed, they mill about the
toes curling, hot for competi-
28 young men on two colle-
handing off their robes for
into the flat blue water's ro-



GH!

Robed, they mill about the pool edge,
toes curling, hot for competition,
28 young men on two college teams,
handing off their robes for a test drop
into the flat blue water's roped lanes.



Stretched nylon trunks, brief, heavy-pouched.

The warm assurance of a quick unconscious selfgrope.

The feel of a buddy's cupped palm patting encouragement on a wet nylon rump.

The swimmer's jockstrap: lightweight cotton

banded around muscular collegiate waist, strapped down around symmetrical moons

of golden undergrad butt.

Grab-ass, towel-snapping naked horseplay in the showers.

Serious now. Intense. Water manimals.

Fresh wet hair tucked with longfingered hand into tight latex cap. Bright eyes, goggled.

28 young men, splashing and dripping with sun.

28 young men and all so manly. They hardly know whom they douse with spray

when to cheers they raise victorious fists, pulled triumphant from the pool, walking past the bleachers, leaving behind wet prints of perfect feet and dripping Speedo trunks.

Eyes reach out to feel what applauding hands may not touch. Love's lust untouched makes the swimmers' bodies loved all the more.

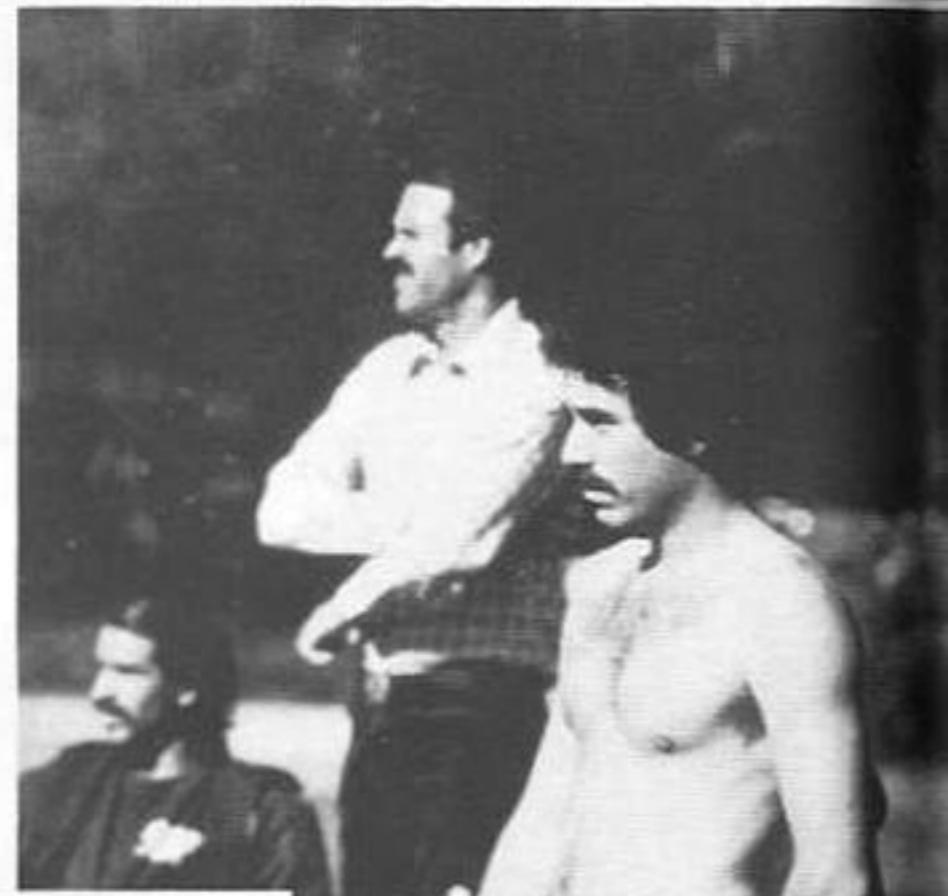
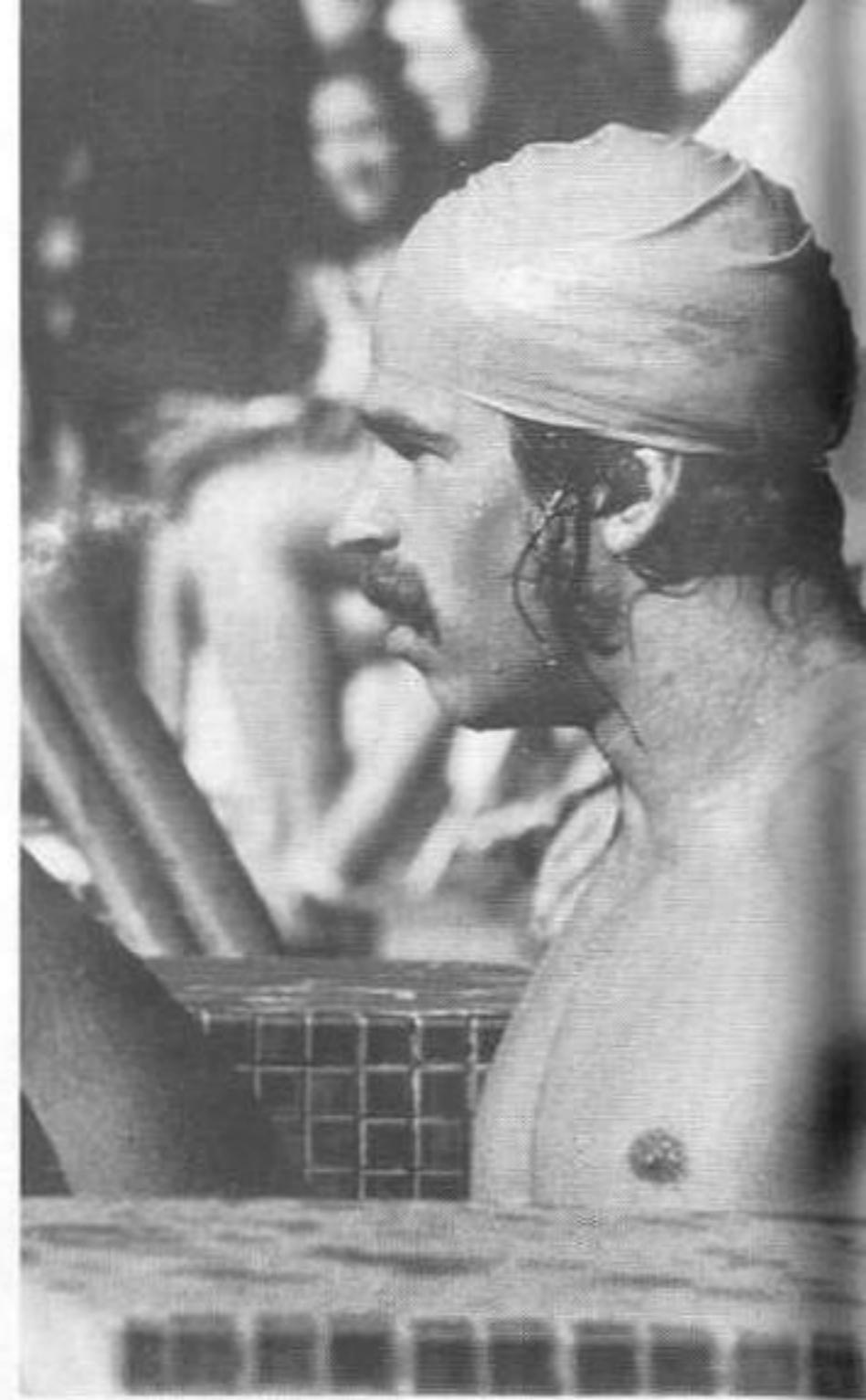
Overhead, above their nearly naked brotherhood,

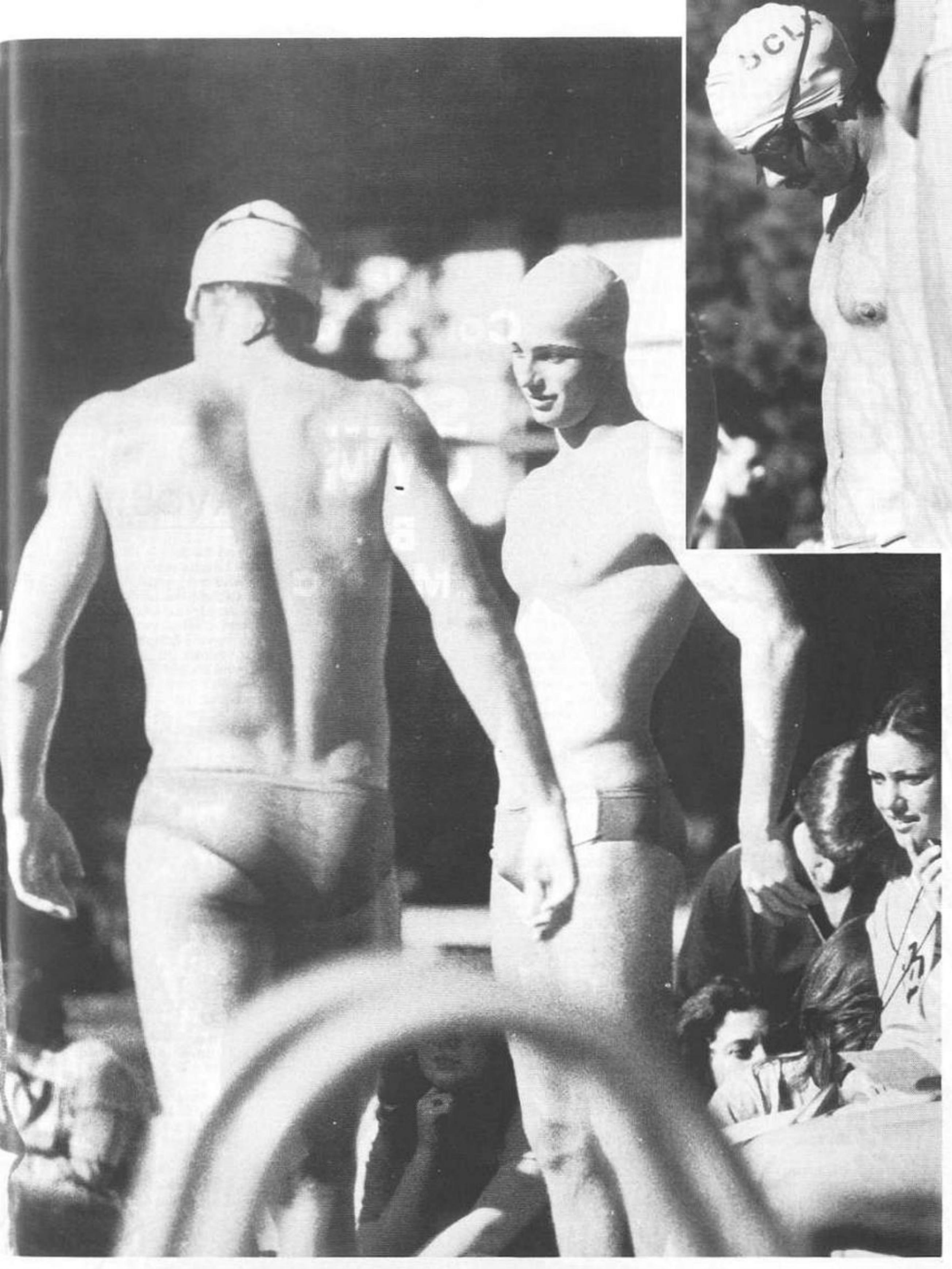
a longmuscled diver takes golden flight: bouncing, then launched, tucked, rolled, knifing downward through the crystal air, slicing through sun into deep waters: a dove breaking the surface of the sea, a god in graceful descent, a man in full plunging dare.

Cameras click. Telephoto touch.

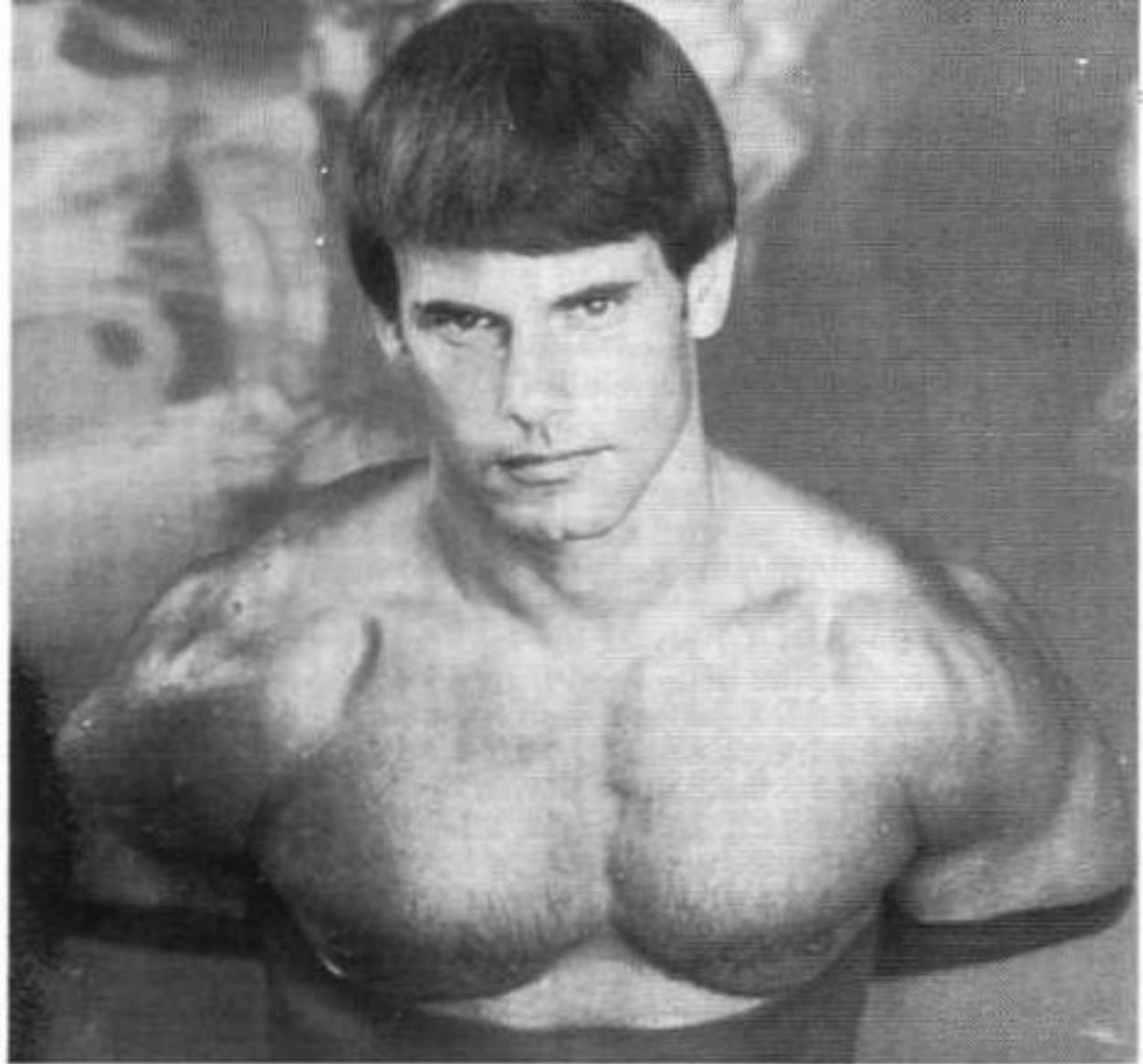
All their warm wet images, single-framed, for magical conjuring, late in the private one-handed night.

— Jack Fritscher





The
Conclusion
Of
S&M
GYM
By
G.M. Misa



Chapter 15 Mr. Bay Area's Reward

At last . . . down on my knees in front of my master with his sweat pants around his ankles. Killer was naked except for the jock strap. I pressed my face against the rough elastic material and felt his dick begin to harden. I pulled away for a moment and just stared at his rugged body . . . drinking it in with my eyes. He'd been working out . . . pressing a three hundred pound barbell and the sweat glistened on his gladiator's body. A rivulet of sweat wended its way down the cleavage of his massive chest, detouring around his belly button and then following the thick blue-green vein that pulsed across his abdomen. Just before it touched his jock strap I stuck out my tongue, licking at the saltiness . . . at the sweat of my macho man.

Just looking at the Killer was like a punch in the guts. He was the personification, the epitome of the macho man. Killer had 225 pounds of rock hard muscle distributed over his six foot three frame. When he moved his right arm the black panther took a step forward on his bulging bicep. He had a more defined build than Arnold Schwarzenegger and his jet black curly hair contrasted with his white skin that was as smooth as a babies ass. He had large, sky blue eyes and a naive smile that almost made my heart stop beating.

"You gonna stare at me all night, Georgie?" His voice was almost kind as he winked at me. It gave me a strange feeling, Killer being nice to me. I almost liked it.

Still on my knees on the gym floor I crawled behind Killer. I loved the way the two straps of his jock strap cut across his rock hard muscular ass. But most of all I loved the way his lower back dipped inward and then the two cheeks shot outward, defying gravity. To me it was the sign of the true athlete. I ran my tongue along the back of his leg . . . along his thick hamstring muscle until I could feel the hair around his asshole. This was something I'd wanted to do all my life. Just moving the jock strap slightly to the side I pushed my tongue into the funky sweatiness of his asshole. God, it was delicious! There was no doubt about it, Killer McKenna had the best tasting bunghole in captivity! Now Killer was bent over, grabbing his ankles, as I went to work on his ass. Reaching out my hand I felt the hardness of his dick still in the jock strap. I lapped away for a few minutes and finally turned him around. The head of his uncut dick was sticking out of the top of his jock strap . . . it was shiny, wet and red and oozing a translucent pre-gism.

Killer sat down on the bench his legs spread wide. He pulled at the jock strap. His dick popped out, banging against his navel and his large balls bounced on the exercise bench. And

yet my eyes were not on his crotch. They riveted on his jock strap.

"Go ahead, Georgie!" He was grinning from ear to ear. He grabbed the jock strap and wrapped it around my face. "I know you're a perverted mother fucker!"

"Thank you, boss!" I moaned, as I drank in the wonderful macho smell of my master.

"Don't thank me . . . you earned it!" He leaned back on the incline exercise bench. "That's enough of that shit. Get to work on my tool!" He waved his dick at me. Then he slapped the side of my face with it. "I got an ocean of come in it!"

Killer didn't have to tell me twice. I devoured Killer's eleven inches of uncut dick. He had a big mushroom head and in just a few seconds I felt it expand in my mouth. Quickly I let it flop out of my mouth and my tongue began to lick his hairy balls.

"You don't have to worry," Killer growled. "There's more than one load in there!"

"Oh, I didn't mean to . . ."

"I got at least six loads in there, babe!"

Killer didn't wait. He grabbed my head and rammed his eleven inches down my throat. His whole body shook spasmodically for about ten seconds . . . YAGGAMABAHHHSHT!

The jets of jiz slammed into my mouth, burning my throat as I shot all over my blue jeans. Christ, his cum was delicious. Maybe it was because he was such a purist when it came to food . . . everything organic . . . he never touched any junk food . . . everything pure . . . his cum tasted like the nectar of the gods . . . damn . . . I licked the last few drops, sucking at his pisshole. "You're a thirsty cocksucker!" he smiled down at me. "C'mon, Georgie Porgie, let's go hit the sack!"

My heart jumped into my throat. "Right away, Boss!" I was surprised as hell. I took it for granted that Killer's old lady would be in his room waiting for a quick piece of ass before she finished reading about the latest ax murder or skid row killing in the National Enquirer and went to sleep. "Ah . . . where's your wife, sir?" I asked.

"Took her home to her mother!" Killer said. "Lick my feet for a while."

"Yes, master!"

He picked up a copy of Hustler and began to thumb through it. I quickly got out of my blue jeans and went to work on his feet. Christ, they were big. They had to be a size fourteen or even larger. It never failed . . . if a guy had big feet he had a big dick. I really got into his big toe . . . sucking it off. I was surprised it didn't come. "Mmmmm . . . oh, sir, if only you had some boots . . . I . . ."

"Look in the closet."

There they were . . . rugged construction boots that were caked with mud.

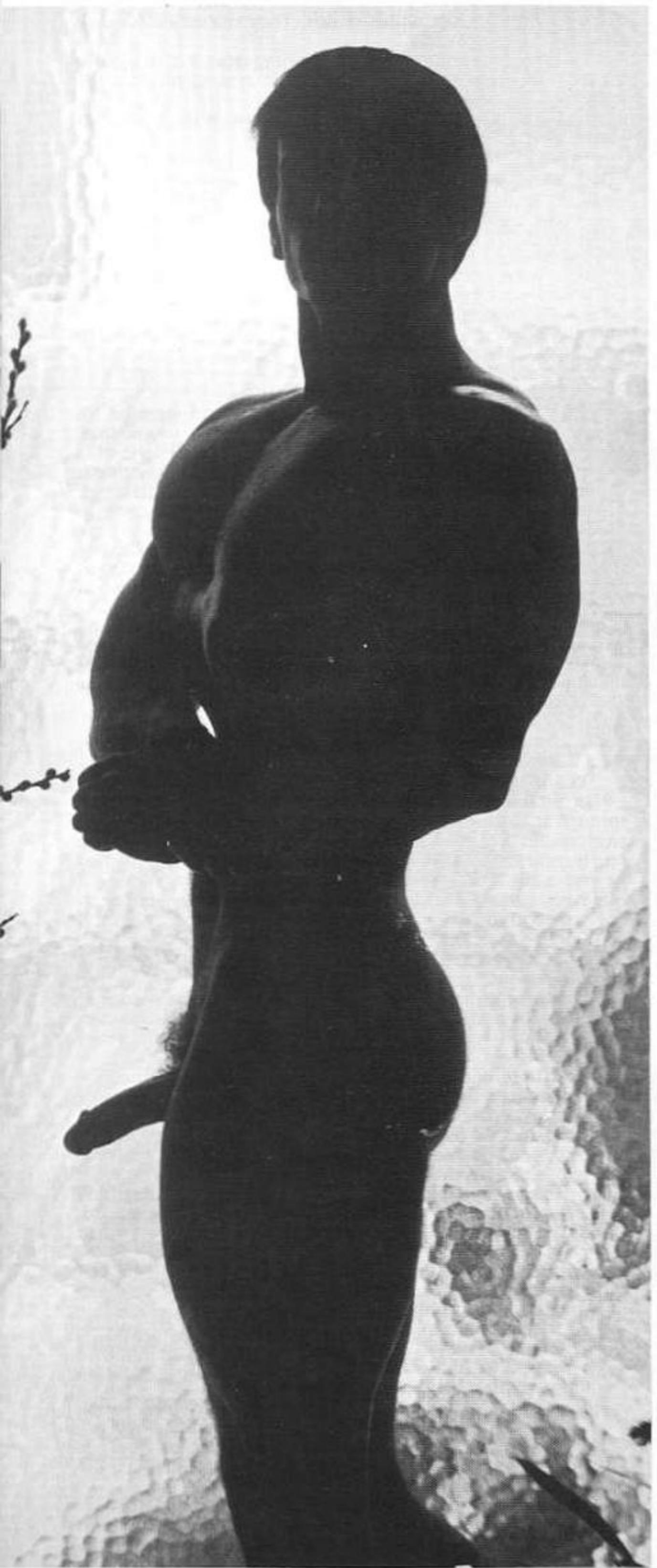
"Put them on me," Killer ordered as he sat on the edge of the bed, still reading Hustler and his dick standing straight up. I knelt at his feet and somehow managed to get the heavy boots on his legs. It was difficult as his calves were so huge.

"Now use your tongue and lick 'em clean!" He reached for his pants and quickly took the thick black belt off them. It had a shiny new buckle. I don't know what I did wrong . . . maybe I stopped for a breath of air. The pain tore at my ass and my body jerked crazily upward, turning and twisting, trying to get away from the screaming pain that was ripping it apart. Killer was standing up. He grabbed me by the hair and threw me across the bed. "You dumb jerk," he screamed. "You can't even clean a lousy pair of boots. You're not worth a shit!"

Whistling through the air . . . WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! 225 pounds of muscle behind the swing as the belt slammed down across my unprotected bare ass. I screamed in horrible pain. I tried to twist away from Killer but he was too big and strong for me. I was no match for my master. "You wanted a night with Killer McKenna and you're gonna get it. Where in hell did you think I got my name, asshole?"

Killer didn't confine the blows to my ass. He was merciless. The belt whistled through the air . . . slamming down . . . on my legs . . . my chest . . . my back . . . my legs, everywhere. I couldn't help myself. "Oh, no sir, please, sir. I can't stand the pain. It's too much, sir! Please stop!"

"Shut the fuck up!" he screamed. "You fuckin' masochists are all alike. You do everything to turn me on . . . get me to beat your ass but when it gets right down to it you can't take a few love taps. Well, you're going to get your fuckin' ass



whipped, mother fucker . . . but good!" He slammed me hard across the face with the palm of his hand. I thought he was going to knock out my teeth. "Another word out of you and I'll knock you out. You hear me loud and clear, asshole?"

I nodded my head, scared to open my mouth. And I was scared. What in hell had I gotten myself into? Did I want this . . . this kind of real violence? Hell, what I really wanted from Killer was a game . . . a marvelous fantasy of Killer playing the master . . . yeah, that was all.

"Sir, I understand but . . ." I should not have opened my mouth. It was obvious he was not playing a game. My body jerked backwards . . . the pain twisted and exploded in my head as my body slammed against the bedroom wall. Then his fist buried itself in my stomach and I gasped for air . . . bending double in the fetal position. He lifted me with one hand and threw me on the bed. Then the feel of rope burning into my wrists and ankles and in a flash I was hog tied and helpless . . . totally at the mercy of Killer McKenna.

Grabbing me by the hair he shaved my face into his crotch. His heavy balls sagged against the side of my face. I was so angry at him I made no attempt to lick his balls or suck his dick. He finally reached down and shoved the fat head into my mouth. "Lick the head, asshole!" he ordered.

I couldn't quite believe my eyes as he reached for the phone and dialed. "C'mon, use your tongue . . . get it into my pisshole . . . c'mon!" His voice changed. "Oh, hi, Thunder. No, I wasn't talking to you. I'm talking to my slave who's giving me a blow job. Yeah . . . he's doing it right now while I'm talking to you . . . ah . . . what? I think his name is Georgie but you know me. I've got so many slaves. You know something? I should give them numbers. That way I won't get confused. Oh, yeah, it's the dude who won the Mr. Bay Area Contest . . . yeah, Mr. Bay Area himself is sucking my dick, Thunder. Just a second!" Now he was yelling at me. "Hey, jerk, stop scraping my dick with your teeth! No, I'm talking to Georgie, Thunder. Look, why don't you line up a couple of your buddies and come on over. Sure . . . yeah . . . you can bring some whips . . . dildos and shit like that. I figured you might like to get even with Georgie . . . work over his ass . . . oh, that's tough . . . you can't . . . well, maybe some other time, huh? Oh, you'll call Tony Padua and see what he's up to? That's a great idea. Isn't he straight? Okay, if you say so . . . Tony Padua it is . . . yeah, right now Georgie has his tongue up my asshole, Thunder, he's lapping away like a dog . . . yeah . . . what? He's a good cocksucker and you can come over any time tonight if you want a good blow job . . . sure send your buddies . . . we can have a lot of laughs . . . yeah, see ya, Thunder. Bye!" He hung up.

Mechanically I moved my tongue from his asshole to the velvet head of his dick. Yeah, Killer had gone back on his word. Was he putting me on or was Tony Padua really coming over? I mean . . . what would happen? The guy was a real homophobe! And Killer had promised . . . this was supposed to be our night . . . just the two of us. My mind whirled back to all the dreams . . . all the wild and wonderful fantasies . . . yeah, I had to admit some of them were romantic and now he was doing this to me . . . the worst possible humiliation . . . TONY PADUA. And he was giving him the right to beat my ass. Who in hell did Killer think he was? All I really wanted was to be alone with Killer . . . just the two of us . . . all night long. And hadn't I learned it?

Now I felt Killer's mushroom head begin to swell in my mouth. Now he eased his eleven inches down my throat. I choked a bit on the last three inches. After all, I wasn't a sword swallower and I still had my gag reflex.

"That's it, Georgie." His voice was soft, almost tender. "Suck that big, fat, juicy dick . . . c'mon . . . watch your teeth . . . there we go . . . lick the head . . . now take it all . . . nice and easy!"

Then all hell broke loose. He grabbed the back of my head and fucked my face. "Take all of it you queer motherfucker!" he screamed. "Eat that cock!" He slammed it down my throat maybe five or six times and slam, bam, thank you ma'am, his hot gism gushed into my mouth like an oil well before it was capped. I didn't think he would ever stop shooting off and I was sure he had ripped out my throat with his dick. And then it was done. One second pounding away with his rock hard dick practically choking me to death and the next second his half hardon lying on my cheek, dribbling a few last drops. "Lick it clean, kid," he said quietly. I licked it clean.

"That's a good boy," he growled. "Now I'm gonna take a cat nap before Tony gets here!"

"Ah, sir!" I tried to clear the cum in my throat so I could talk clearly. "Would you untie me so I can get some circulation in my arms and legs?"

"Sure, Georgie, I didn't mean to hurt you! Just give me a second!" He moved to the dresser and came back with the adhesive tape. He jammed the dirty sock in my mouth and then slapped the adhesive tape over my lips. "That feel better, kid?" He laughed, turned over on his side, farted, and a moment later Killer McKenna was sound asleep.

Gritting my teeth I held back my tears. The pain from the rope was getting worse as it cut off my circulation. I must've dozed off after a while because when I jerked back into consciousness I was in a different position. I found myself spread-eagle on the bed, face down. But there was one added attraction. Four pillows were tucked under my stomach, pushing my ass high into the air . . . available and vulnerable. Yes, I was totally helpless.

I twisted my head as I heard a door slam. He was standing in the doorway. Yeah, he was short, about five feet six inches tall, but his proportions were classic, in the tradition of Franco Columbu. He had a dark, intense face with snapping eyes. His massive shoulders cut down to the tiny waist and then the heavy musculature of his legs, down to his blue jeans that held a heavy hunk of Italian salami. Yeah, there was no doubt about it. I was meeting him for the second time in 24 hours. Tony Padua, who I'd beaten in the Mr. Bay Area Contest . . . Tony Padua, the queer hating bodybuilder who I'd outfoxed.

Now Killer stood in the doorway. He wore the inevitable sweat pants. "The Crisco's on the end table, Tony!"

"I don't go for that shit!" Tony's voice was colder than ice. "Thunder said it was okay . . . no bullshit! That you wanted someone to whip this dude's ass."

"That's right," Killer grinned. "And the ass is in front of you!"

"I don't have to do nothin' else?"

"That's right." Killer's grin was wider. "Yeah, take a good look at that ass. You got my permission to scar it up!"

"I got a score to settle," he snarled, as he pulled the cat o' nine tails from his back pocket. "The fuckin' liar!"

Killer sat on the edge of the bed. He yanked the adhesive tape from my mouth and then took the saliva soaked sock out of my throat. "I want to hear you scream, Georgie. I'm going to be in the office. If it gives me a hard-on I might come back and knock off a quickie!" And then he was gone and I was alone with Tony.

And now I was at the mercy of Tony Padua. *Mercy?* What a laugh. I knew he wouldn't give me any as I studied his face. His lips were pulled back in a strange sadistic grin . . . his muscular arm went up and SW . . . OOOOO . . . SH . . . S . . . W . . . OOSH . . . a strange kind of whistle and the thongs tore into my vulnerable ass . . . I couldn't help myself . . .

"AGGGGHHHHSHIT . . . KILLER! KILLER!" I screamed. Christ, Tony was going at it hard . . . hard and brutal from the first swing . . . he was after blood . . . not like the experienced S who started off easy . . . who started with caressing gentle love taps and slowly built it up until the pain was barely noticeable and suddenly it was accelerated into heavy duty whipping that was a turn on.

NO . . . TONY TORE AT MY ASS AND I THOUGHT I WOULD DIE FROM THE PAIN. "Killer! helpme! Helpme!" I screamed again, desperate. Crazily I wondered if Killer would enter on a white charger. I bit so hard into my lip I could feel the blood and then I saw it on the sheet. Then there was a momentary stop from the excruciating pain that was tearing my ass to ribbons. I just had enough time for a deep breath and then there was a different sound . . .

SMACK! WHACK! SMACK! WHACK!

In a mad frenzy Tony had ripped off his belt and was letting me have it . . . the belt buckle was tearing into my ass. Somehow I twisted my head over my shoulder . . . rivulets of blood coursing down to the crack and then SMACK! WHACK! . . . the belt unmerciful against my passive flesh . . . it turned fiery red to purple at the edges and then . . . yes . . . black and blue and on FIRE!

Then another mad frenzy overtook Tony Padua. He dropped the heavy belt to the floor as he looked down at his swollen crotch. "I got a fuckin' hardon! What am I . . . some kind of a queer?" He tore at his blue jeans and still the mon-



ster between his legs was rock hard in his shorts. He tore at them, ripping them off his body and the monster flopped out, evidently having a mind of its own . . .

TONY MOANED, ALMOST CRIED . . . SHIT . . . FUCK . . . HIS MUSCULAR BODY JERKED FORWARD AND THEN BACKWARD, HIS FACE CONTORTED IN PAIN AND PASSION. TONY TRIED TO GRAB HIS FAT PIECE OF SALAMI TO SOMEHOW STOP IT FROM WHAT IT WAS GOING TO DO BUT THERE WAS NO WAY . . . IT HAD TO DO IT . . . THE RED HOT GISM SPLATTERED ALL OVER MY BACK, MY NECK AND THEN FINALLY DRIBBLED DOWN TO MY ASS AND TONY HADN'T EVEN TOUCHED HIS DICK.

MMMMMM mmmmmmm shit/fuck/gaghhhhhhh . . . GOBS AND GOBS OF TONY'S CUM . . . SLITHERING INTO THE CRACK OF MY ASS . . . still dribbling . . . still coming . . . and then Tony slapped his cock with his hand as if he were punishing it for what it did. BUT STILL IT WAS HARD . . . HARD AS A ROCK.

Then I heard a noise and Killer stood in the doorway. "God damn, Tony!" he grinned. "You really get your jollies that way?"

Tony's mouth was wide open. He was in a state of shock. "I didn't even touch it!"

"Touch what?"

"My dick. It shot off . . . just like that!" He snapped his fingers.

"I guess you found out the same way I did!" Killer laughed as he looked at my torn up ass and played with himself.

"Found out what?"

Again Killer laughed. "You still got a hardon, Tony!"

"Ah . . . so what?"

"So where do you want to put it . . . up his ass or down his throat?"

Tony gulped guiltily. "I . . . ah . . . I . . . don't go for that shit, Killer. You know that!"

"Sure, tell me all about it!" Killer bent over the bed, quickly untying my ankles and then my wrists. I sat up, grabbing at my burning wrists, the tears streaming down my face. "Thanks, Boss," I mumbled. "I don't think I could take any more . . ."

I didn't finish the sentence. As Tony grabbed my head I saw his face for a second. His eyes were like laser beams and his mouth was twisted in a kind of strange desire. It was as if all the adrenalin of his life was concentrated in this one moment and I knew it would be impossible to resist. At this moment Tony Padua was the strongest man in the world as he jammed my face down onto his huge Italian salami.

SUCK THAT FUCKIN' DICK YOU QUEER MOTHER FUCKER . . . TAKE IT ALL THE WAY DOWN TO MY FUCK BALLS . . . YOU MOTHER FUCKIN' DEGENERATE BASTARD . . . EAT IT . . . GO AHEAD . . . SUCK IT . . . SUCK IT HARD . . . LICK THE HEAD . . . OH, MY GOD . . . I CAN'T BELIEVE IT . . . YOU'RE THE GREATEST FUCKIN' COCKSUCKER IN THE WORLD . . . SUCK MY . . . SHIT . . . FUCK . . . I . . . YAGAMASHA . . . WAH . . . CRAP! ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh . . .

Within two minutes Tony Padua had come twice. He yanked it out of my mouth and then pulled his blue jeans up over his muscular butt as he shoved the still hard salami into his pants. Without another word he started out the door.

"Your cat o' nine tails!" Killer said mockingly.

"Oh, yeah." Tony whirled around guiltily, grabbed the whip and disappeared. I heard later that Tony Padua bought a Harley Davidson and had a string of slaves to rival Killer McKenna . . . well . . . almost rival him.

And now I was alone with my master. "How d'ya feel, kid?" He sat on the edge of the bed.

I wasn't sure if I'd heard Killer correctly. "What did you say, Boss?"

He bent down, inspecting my ass. "He cut you up pretty bad!" What he did next blew my mind. He bent down and began to kiss the black and blue marks very gently. "Does that feel better?"

I didn't know how to react. Was this just the prelude for another cruelty. Would Killer suddenly bite a piece of flesh from my tortured ass . . . was he getting ready to jam his fist deep into my guts? I didn't know. "Yeah . . . ah . . . it feels wonderful!"

"Don't move, Georgie. I'll be right back!"

A moment later he was back and very gently he rubbed the salve into my torn up ass. His huge hands were so gentle . . . so tender. I couldn't quite believe what was happening but I felt my dick stiffen to incredible rock hard proportions.

When he finished with my ass he actually took me in his arms. My heart was beating wildly. Was Killer going to kiss me?"

His voice was low, intimate. "You feel better, kid?"

"I feel great!" I didn't bother to say BOSS or SIR and he didn't beat the shit out of me.

"Hey, how about giving me another blow job. I'm horny as hell!"

"Oh, yes . . . sure . . ."

"I've only shot my load twice tonight, kid!"

My heart pounded crazily as I slipped to my knees next to the bed and put his velvet topped dick into my mouth. God, it was delicious. "Mmmmmmmmmmmmm."

"Work on my balls and ass for a while, babe!" He lifted his legs, spreading them wide open for me.

I was nuts about Killer's ass. It was the posterior of the typical football player . . . two mounds of solid muscle that somehow defied gravity. I knew there was one way to tell if a guy had a terrific body . . . if he were really in condition . . . take a good look at his ass. I pushed the cheeks aside and buried my face in the crack. Then I grabbed his legs and pushed them upward so I could get at the hole better . . . I managed to shove my face into it . . . then my nose and Killer groaned. Continuing to spread his cheeks wide I kept at it . . . lapping it like a dog . . . on and on and on . . . with one hand I felt his dick . . . it was dripping.

It must've been an hour later when I got the idea. I almost shot off thinking of it . . . the idea!

KILLER'S ASS . . . I WANTED TO FUCK IT . . . FUCK HIS BEAUTIFUL, GORGEOUS BUNS . . . HIS FOOTBALL PLAYER ASSHOLE . . . MILKY WHITE ASS . . . SLIP MY DICK INTO HIS GUTS . . . WOW! SLIP MY DICK INTO HIS GUTS . . . FUCK KILLER . . .

All the thoughts made me quiver with desire and I knew I had to figure out a way. Now Killer was lying on his side with his left leg pulled up toward his chest so his gorgeous asshole was available for my tongue. I gently pushed him over on his belly. All he did was grunt. I think he was half asleep although his dick was hard and drippy. "I'm going to give you an old fashioned trip around the world, Boss!"

I started with his feet, those big beautiful feet with the huge toes. Again I went down on his big toe and then my tongue moved to his Achilles heel and his hamstring muscles. I licked up the back of his thighs and then up to his ass . . . yes I was getting closer and I could hardly breathe with the excitement. I worked on his bunghole for a while and then . . . and then . . . onward and upward . . . along the crook of his back . . . upward . . . upward to the back of his neck . . . all the time my body pressed against his body . . . lying on top of Killer . . . licking the back of his neck . . . and not a word out of Killer . . . not a word as my dick pressed between the cheeks of his football player ass as I continued to lick his neck and shoulders. Killer didn't move a muscle. Would he kill me if I moved slightly and pushed my dick toward his hole? I knew his ass was wide open as I'd licked it for over an hour. I knew it was ready . . . wide open for my dick . . . if only I had the nerve . . . and if he didn't kill me when he realized what I was going to do.

I moved my body slightly and now the head of my dick touched Killer's bunghole. Gently, ever so gently I pushed forward and I felt the head of my dick push at his relaxed sphincter muscle. Still not a sound, not a movement from my master. I wondered if he'd fallen asleep. I listened for his even breathing. What would he do if he knew his slave was trying to fuck his gorgeous ass?

I couldn't help myself. The temptation was too great. I pushed forward . . . just barely and . . . and . . .

THE HEAD OF MY DICK SLIPPED IN . . . INTO KILLER'S ASS!

Then Killer's voice, quiet, a whisper but it was an electric shock that tore through my body.

"TAKE IT REAL EASY, GEORGIE! ONLY HAD THIS DONE ONCE BEFORE! MY D.I. IN MARINE BOOT CAMP."

It was too much for me. I shot my load up his ass with just the head of my dick inside of him. I felt like an idiot. Here I was . . . finally with the supreme thrill of my life and

I'd shot off. Biting down on my lip it took all my will power but I didn't move my position. I didn't push at Killer's asshole but just let it spurt inside his hot ass. He didn't move although he must've known I'd shot my load in him. It seemed that Killer knew exactly when I finished coming. He moved his leg and pushed his ass backwards and toward my dick and LO AND BEHOLD it slipped another two inches up his almost virgin asshole. Yeah, my own gism was lubricating Killer's bunghole!

After a moment my arm went around him and I felt his cock. Christ, I'd always thought Killer had a monster dick but what I had my hand wrapped around seemed to have swelled out of proportion and he was dribbling like crazy. And then the realization grabbed at my guts and I felt a wild excitement that I've never felt in my life before . . . not ever!

KILLER LOVED IT. KILLER WAS HAVING THE TIME OF HIS LIFE WITH MY DICK UP HIS ASS! AND YET IT WAS ONLY PART WAY IN. I GAVE A SHOVE AND MY DICK WENT INTO HIS LOVEPIT EVEN FURTHER AND HIS COCK JERKED SPASMODICALLY AND ANOTHER DRIBBLE OF CUM HIT THE PALM OF MY HAND.

What the hell. I couldn't help myself. I just let go . . . I rammed the rest of my dick up Killer's burning hot ass.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! SAP! SLAM BAM . . . A FUCKIN TOUCHDOWN!

. . . and Killer now was on all fours and I was slamming my meat into him dog fashion. "Fuck, Fuck! Fuck!" It was Killer's muffled voice that was buried in a pillow. "Fuck that ass Georgie! Go, fuck it hard! Let me have your dick . . . all the way . . . to the hilt . . . fuck it . . . fuck it . . . fuck it!"

YAGGHSHITWOPBAMSLAMDAMN CRAP

A geyser spurting forever . . . eternity . . . off and off and off and off and it would never end . . . the ecstasy . . . the wonder of it all . . . the beauty . . . prism of rainbow . . . love and all that shit . . . it was . . . HEAVEN . . . upside down . . . inside out . . . you name it . . . we did it . . . KILLER MCKENNA WITH HIS LEGS UP IN THE AIR . . . SHOOTING OFF DEEP INSIDE HIM AGAIN . . . I DON'T KNOW HOW MANY TIMES AND THEN RUBBING AGAINST EACH OTHER . . . SUCKING . . . LOVING . . . COMING TOGETHER . . . THE DAWN BREAKING AND STILL GOING AT IT . . . ON THE WALLS . . . ON THE FLOOR . . . WHO KNEW WHERE? WHO CARED WHERE OR WHAT OR HOW . . . IT WAS ALL CIRCUMSTANCES . . . IT WAS JUST THE SHARING . . . THE SHOWING . . . THE EXPRESSION OF OUR LOVE . . . YEAH . . . KILLER AND ME . . . THE EXPRESSION OF OUR LOVE . . . QUITE SIMPLE, AFTER ALL . . . ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS ADMIT IT . . . SHOW IT HARD!

Yeah, Sunday morning . . . Killer made a fluffy ham omelet with English muffins . . . I did the dishes . . . later in the office he pushed the papers toward me. "Sign here," he said.

I signed and he signed and then he took me in his arms. "The gym belongs to both of us now," he said. "Fifty-fifty. That's the way it is!"

Sunday continued an orgy of sex. We used the wrestling mat. He pinned me down in some crazy position and then fucked my ass silly and when I'd pin him (I think he let me) I fucked his ass.

And yeah. I moved out of the locker room. It was a beautiful king size bed. As we went to bed that night Killer took me in his arms. "You know something, Georgie?" he said.

"What, Killer?"

"I love you." He actually said the words.

"And I love you," I answered.

After he kissed me he winked at me. "By the way, I guess I forgot to tell you this but the slaves . . . ten of them . . . they now belong to both of us!"

"Terrific," I said, kissing him. "But there are only nine!"

"Only nine?"

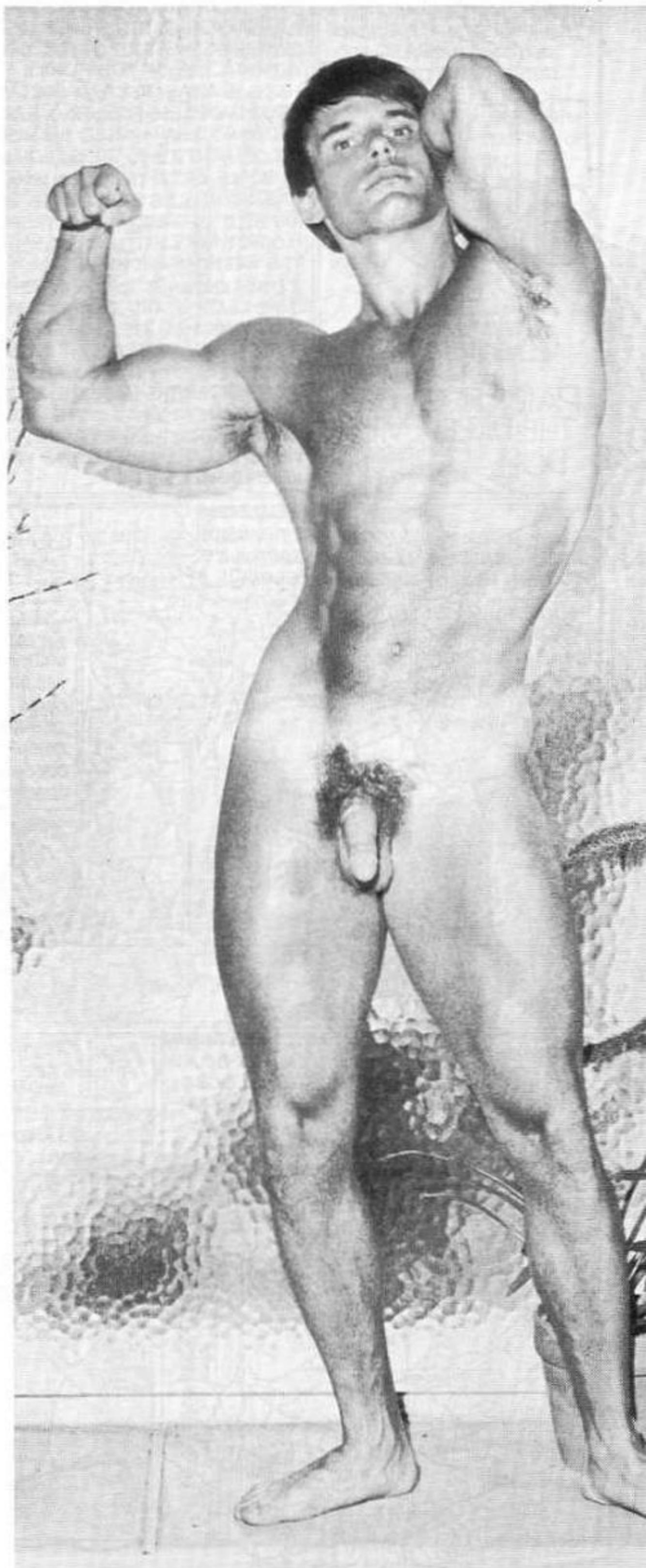
"Yeah," I smiled as my hands ran over his beautiful buns. "Remember? I am no longer one of them!"

He laughed. "You're still the greatest cocksucker in town!"

I laughed back. "And you're the best fuck in town!"

He turned off the light and two seconds later both of us were sound asleep.

the end . . . the end . . .



JUICY JOCKSTRAP
COMICS
PRESENTS
HARRY CHESS
BY
A.JAY

PART FOUR OF
THE DAREDEVIL
DOLL CAPER!

FOR THOSE HORNY READERS WHO HAVE BEEN PUMPING THEIR DICKS OVER THE DIRTY DRAWINGS INSTEAD OF FOLLOWING THE INTRICACIES OF THE FUNKY PLOT....

HERE IS A FAST RECAP OF OUR LAST EPISODE! OUR DAUNTLESS FUGGTRIO, HARRY, MICKEY, AND RANCID HAD TRAILED THE MISSING AMYLL ("B.O.") ARMPITS TO THE SEEDY GHOUL'S GYM IN VENICE, CA. AFTER INVENTING A CLEVER COVER, OUR GUYS GAIN ACCESS TO THE PLACE AND SPLIT UP THEIR ACT TO INVESTIGATE EACH FLOOR. HARRY HIT THE BASEMENT WITH ITS STENCHY SHOWER ROOM 'N' LOCKERS.

UNBEKNOWNST TO OUR GUYS, THAT ROTTER LEWD LEATHER AND HIS TWO NEPHEWS, DANK AND STANK, HAD JUST STARTED A VILE AND MYSTERIOUS "EXPERIMENT" ON B.O.'S MAGNIFICENT BOD IN THE BOWELS OF THE GYM... RIGHT UNDER THE BASEMENT SHOWER-LOCKER AREA! DETECTING HARRY'S PRESENCE, LEWD SNUCK THRU A FAKE LOCKER AND WHACKED AN UNSUSPECTING HARRY WITH A 15 LB. DUMB BELL!!

SO... IT'S MY OL' ARCH ENEMY—HARRY CHESS! I'LL DRAG HIM BELOW AND LOCK HIM ALONG-SIDE HIS PAL!

WHO SLUGGED ME... WHERE AM I...?





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ASTROLOGIC

ASSTROLOGIC

ARIES S (Mar. 21—Apr. 19): Is spring beginning to build up your Arien juices? Are you constantly bothered by that overpowering urge to ram something? If you must, make it a hot, virgin ass!

ARIES M: It's probably too much to expect you to have a virgin ass, so you'd better go to a neighborhood farm for your ram... try the real thing, baby!

TAURUS S (Apr. 20—May 20): If you have thought of spring planting, it may not yet be too late. Plant some giant cucumbers up your slave's ass.

TAURUS M: If manure makes a swell fertilizer, then a good scat trip is just what you need to make you fruit in season.

GEMINI S (May 21—June 30): Ahh, April that mystic month of spring showers... need I say more, sir?

GEMINI M: Though April showers may come your way; they'll all be golden to keep you gay.

CANCER S (June 21—July 21): Do something different for Palm Sunday: flail your M severely about the head and shoulders with a palm branch while riding his ass. (Jerusalem optional.)

CANCER M: If you can't find a palm branch, explain to your Master that he can substitute the palms of his hands for a truly religious beating.

LEO S (July 22—Aug. 21): Leo, Leo, how does your dungeon grow? With Silver Ben-Wa Balls and Cocks and Cells and varied Dildoes all in a row.

LEO M: Sort of takes your breath away, doesn't it?

VIRGO S (Aug. 22—Sept. 22): Throw a get-down Good Friday Party. Have all M's bring their own crosses.

VIRGO M: Isn't it just too humiliating being seen driving down Rodeo Drive with a cross strapped atop your Honda Civic?

LIBRA S (Sept. 23—Oct. 22): Balance is so necessary in your life. Tie weights to your slave's testicles and see if you can make them hang evenly.

LIBRA M: Reveal yourself to a Chicano gang and tell them of your driving desire to be a "gang mamma."

SCORPIO S (Oct. 23—Nov. 21): Send your slave on a spring vacation to dry out. Jupiter is very in this year.

SCORPIO M: Doesn't pictures of the planet's giant, churning, strange red spot just make your tongue hard?

SAGITTARIUS S (Nov. 22—Dec. 21): Thinking of taking up an exotic new profession? Become a leather ecdysiast.

SAGITTARIUS M: Been thinking of taking up something a bit exotic, too? Try coprophagy.

CAPRICORN S (Dec. 22—Jan. 20): Throw an Easter Egg Hunt for all your friends. Stick dyed eggs up your slaves' asses and then hide the slaves for your friends to find.

CAPRICORN M: Color your eggs with Red Dye #2.

AQUARIUS S (Jan. 21—Feb. 19): Take your slave to see the new movie version of Hair. When the soundtrack plays "Dawning of Aquarius," shave the fucker before a startled audience.

AQUARIUS M: During the ending theme of "Let the Sunshine In," stand up, bend over and spread your ass till it gapes.

PISCES S (Feb. 20—Mar. 20): As the snow begins to melt and flowers begin to bloom, plow your M till he crops!

PISCES M: In the spirit of the season, wear a garland of spring flowers under your leather bike cap. Pansies and Pussy-willow would not be inappropriate for you!

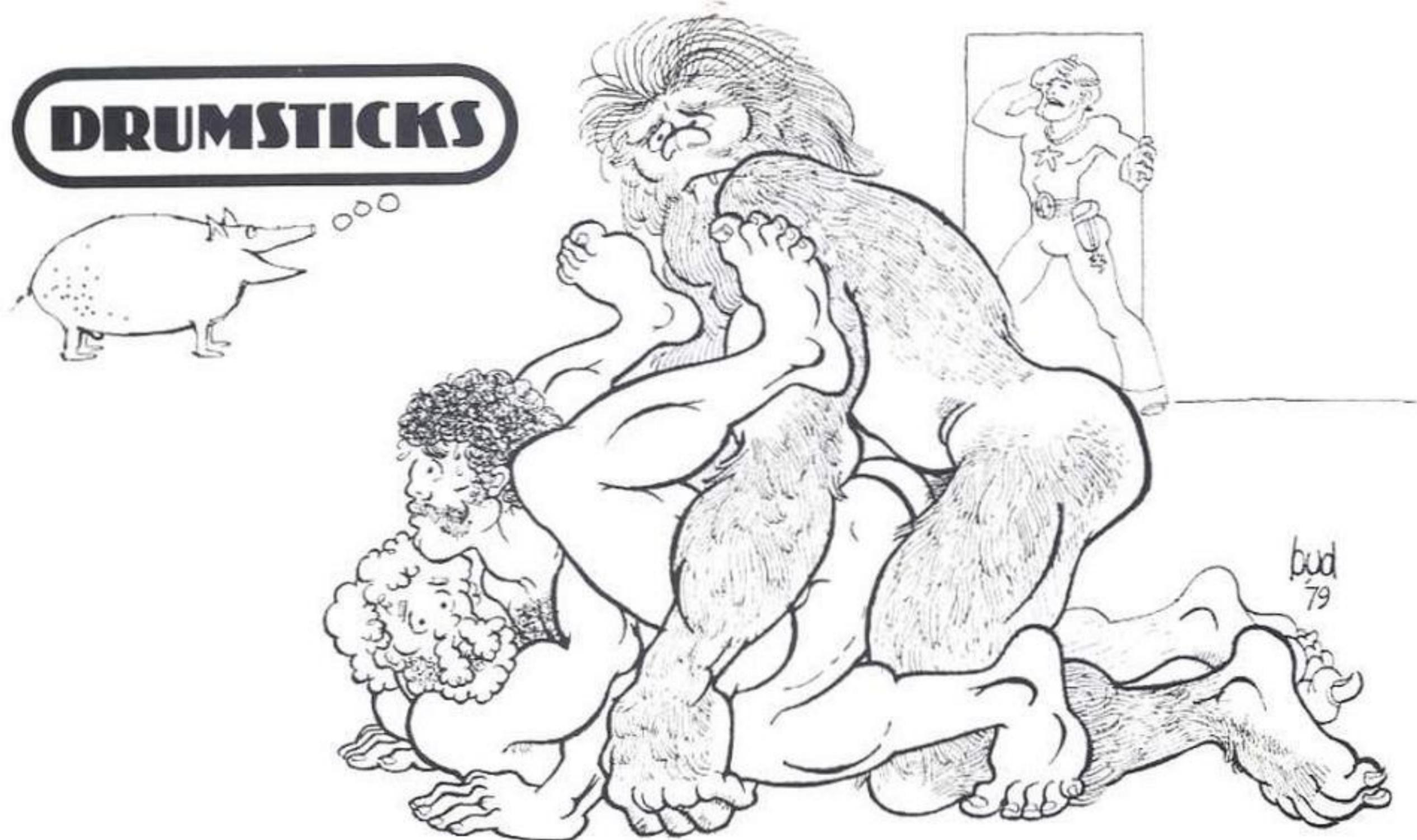
by Aristide

ARIES

March 21 / April 19



DRUMSTICKS



Omigod! My lover! My best friend! My wookie! Who can you trust?



"Wow... This must be the dirty, funky, piss stained, raunchy, six years old jockstrap I sent away for!"

PART TWO

BOOK SECTION

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By Frank O'Rourke

I must have been five thirty when I awoke from a dreamless sleep. I lay on my back, my cock stood up demanding attention, but it was more important that I do some thinking about my situation. Things had gone at such an accelerated pace yesterday afternoon, I hadn't had a chance to assess my new and unexpected position.

Above me I could see the depression in the mattress. There my master slept. As my thoughts turned to him, my cock jerked to attention causing a tent-like protrusion in the blanket. Did Chuck have any feelings for me, or was he just exploiting me for his own ends... like those cigarettes he made off of my body. No amount of speculation would bring me a satisfactory answer. I realized that I would have to ride the tide of this churning, violent current and see where my relationship would bring me.

My bladder was pleading for relief, so I got up in the chill cell and relieved myself. Unthinkingly, I flushed the toilet which caused Chuck to stir. As I walked around the double decker bunk to get back into bed, I saw him lying there looking at me.

"How did you sleep, boy?" Chuck asked.

"Fine, uh, sir." I still found it hard to call him that.

Looking at his wrist watch, Chuck said, "We've got an hour and a half before we get up, so how about getting up here and fixing me up."

My piss hard had gone down, but it leapt to attention again in expectation as I put my foot on my bunk and hopped up on Chuck's bed. He opened the sheet and blanket to let me in. Moving against the farther wall, he allowed me to lay on my back and shifted on top of me. Our groins pressed against each other in a thrusting motion. I could feel that his cock was rock hard.

Grasping my head in his hands, he pressed his lips on mine and his tongue searched the interior of my mouth. I sucked on it and entered his mouth with my questing tongue. His teeth rasped my probing tongue and he nipped on it but not enough to draw blood. The pressure of his kisses began to bruise my mouth, but I wanted him so badly he could have done anything he wanted to me without any objection from me.

Unexpectedly, Chuck abandoned my mouth and took my left tit in his mouth. His tongue swirled around the corona while the tip teased the hardening point. I wanted to grasp the back of his head and make him swallow the tit, but I didn't dare. All I could do was toss my head from side to side ecstatically. A new dimension was coming to pass, I felt his teeth abrading the tit as he ran it between his tongue and the teeth. It was still heightening the pleasure. I don't know when he abandoned the tongue and only his teeth were chewing away at the nipple, but it was becoming agonizing since I never had anyone saw away at my tits. Amazingly, my cock had remained rock hard and I found myself grinding my dripping cock head against his hard stomach. As he worked on one tit with his mouth the other one was being pulled, twisted and pinched by his vise-like fingers.

I could not control an act of aggression on my part. I reached down between and grasped his roaring shaft in my hands. Releasing it, I laved the palm of my hand with my tongue until it was sopping with saliva and returned to my master's cock. I rubbed the spittle over the circumcized cock-head, bringing a groan from Chuck's tit-engorged lips. His own pre-cum added to the lubrication. I knew that if I kept this up too long, he would drop his load into my hand.

Chuck had no intention of letting this happen. He pushed me next to the wall and stretched out on his back. "Get under the covers and work on my cock with your mouth."

As I moved under the covers, they moved down with me, but Chuck pulled them back up to his chest. My mouth found his navel and I flicked my tongue caressingly into sweaty and cum-filled cavity. I savored the salty taste, but I was after more promising material, so I continued my downward exploration. His lush pubic hair brushed my lips as my hand grasped the heavily veined shaft of his cock. I laved his cock-head with my tongue. Moving down to his gigantic balls, I again rubbed the moist head of his cock. In the close confines of the bed my senses were assailed with the musk of Chuck's maleness. The flesh of his balls heightened my own sexual sensibility until I thought I would not be able to bear it anymore. I nipped at the leathery sac which produced a responsive urgency. Chuck grasped my head between his hands, forcing it away from his balls toward the demanding cock-

head. I tried to tease the head with my tongue, but Chuck would have nothing of that, he impaled me with his prong. The head swiftly drove its way past the glottus and into my throat. I had unconsciously sensed what was coming and had taken a deep breath. Chuck held his sword in my throat, my nose buried in the pubic hair. Unable to breathe, I struggled against the steel grip with no hope of breaking loose. I felt tears coursing down my cheeks as my head swirled. I knew that I was fast losing consciousness. Chuck must have sensed it, because he pushed my head up until his cockhead left my throat and rested in my mouth. I gasped for breath, even though there was little air under the blankets.

After my lungs had filled, I began sucking on Chuck's cock as if it was the most important single action in my life, as it probably was. I caused my teeth to barely abrade the rim of the head, tantalizing it. The head entered my throat and I tried to grasp the large head with my throat muscles, massaging the head. As I did it, his muscular thighs held my head for a moment. My hands grasped the balls and I could feel them tighten which presaged an orgasm, so I sucked more furiously. In one great discharge come filled my mouth. I swallowed the bitter-sweet load, determined not to lose a single drop. This was a feat in itself since spurt after spurt fountained out of the cockhead.

I felt the cock softening in my mouth, but Chuck held my head in place. I knew then what was about to happen and I knew that I could not prevent it. Slowly, at first, a stream of hot piss began to pour into my mouth. I tried to cut off the acrid taste by ignoring it and gulping down the stream. Chuck controlled the flow so none of the piss would dribble out of my mouth on to his bed. It was then that Chuck let out a tremendous fart which almost suffocated me. I could feel Chuck's body tremble with laughter, as he held me under the covers.

After a few moments, Chuck tossed the covers back and pulled me up to his side. I lay with my head in the crook of his arm. My tongue flicked in the pungent moist armpit, as Chuck rested, his hand kneaded the cheeks of my ass, searching for my hole. Abruptly, as if he realized that he might be weakening toward me, he shoved me away. "Get back down on your bunk and catch a bit of sleep. We aren't going to breakfast; one of the guys will bring us egg sandwiches and coffee in the clothing shack."

My cock was still hard as I eased myself out of his bed onto the cold, concrete floor. I sought the warmth of my bunk, lying on my stomach while I fucked the coarse sheets.

"Knock it off, asshole," growled Chuck as he looked at me over the edge of the bunk. "I told you last night, you get your gun off when I tell you. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," I responded as I turned over on my side and sought what I thought would be an elusive sleep.

The words, "Get up!" broke my sleep. Chuck stood in the open doorway to the cell. He was fully dressed and he had a wrapped sandwich and a styrofoam cup of steaming coffee in his hands. "Here, eat these and meet me in the shack. There's still hot water in the bucket so shave. I've got your clothes in the shack. Just come down with a towel around you."

The sandwich was still hot and tasted good. I hurried to finish eating and shaving.

At the shack Chuck was putting the laundry bags into a wheeled cart.

"Take a shower. Use this hose on the spigot to wash out your asshole. Hustle it."

After I had finished cleaning up, Chuck gave me a pair of levislevis which were pretty tight and a shirt a size too small for me.

We rolled the cart out of the cellhouse into the yard. The yard was filled with men who had no jobs and they hung around playing dominoes, handball, softball, or just walking and talking. I could see that many of them were eyeing me curiously. I felt that everyone must know what happened to me last night, but I figured, "Fuck them!"

After exchanging the dirty towels and socks for clean ones in the laundry, Chuck told me to take the cart with the clean laundry back to the cellhouse shack and to meet him on the yard near the handball court.

As I was returning to the yard, the young bull, Long, stopped me in the doorway. "How are you getting along with Lambert?"

"Fine, sir."

BETWEEN HIS PARTED THIGHS, I WANT TO BREATHE IN
MAN-SCENT LIKE POPPERS. I WANT TO TAKE ALL THE MASTER'S
PAIN WHILE ON MY KNEES IN A POOL OF HIS PISS,
GAGGED WITH HIS THICK NINE INCHES.

I could tell that he didn't believe me. He looked directly at me and I found this disconcerting. Long was six feet tall and had the lean body of an athlete. This was the first time that I really appraised him as a man, rather than as the enemy. For a prison guard, he seemed to be a pretty good screw, but I wished that he would keep his nose out of my business.

"Well, like I told you yesterday, if you need me for anything, just let me know," Long said with a friendly grin.

I nodded in response and headed out of the cellhouse. As I passed the domino tables, I saw Tillie watching a game in progress. I didn't even pause, because I had come to hate that nelly cocksucker. Tillie spotted me and grinned owlishly, but I looked the other way.

On the other side of the cellhouse by the recreation shack, Chuck was watching two guys playing handball. By his side a dude with a shaved head was carrying on a one-sided conversation, the guy must have been in his mid-twenties, a little shorter than Chuck, but well-built. As I walked up to Chuck's other side, the man looked at me and I was struck by the most beautiful pair of blue eyes I had ever seen.

At first Chuck ignored me while the other guy looked at me curiously. "It's all right, Jerry, he's with me. How many guys did you say you had lined up for this afternoon's game?"

"About five or six," the guy responded with a deep voice.

"This is Jim," said Chuck, still keeping his eyes on the game on the handball court.

"I'm Jerry," the guy said as he proffered his hand. His hand was hard and calloused, which probably came from lifting iron.

I smiled my response and stood there quietly.

"You just get here?" asked Jerry.

I nodded my head. I didn't know how I was supposed to act toward others since Chuck had not defined my position as far as his friends are concerned.

Clear out of the blue, Chuck said, "This is my slave, man, so don't worry about this piece of shit." Turning to me, he clarified things for me in a brutal fashion. "Jerry and I met some years back on Folsom Street in the City. Right now, he's been without a slave since his last one was transferred to Vacaville."

Now, Jerry began leering at me as he surveyed me with more than passing interest. "Did you know Chuck before you got here?"

"No, sir." The "sir" seemed to be proper with this dude. I guess if he was a master, he should be addressed as one.

"Say, man, how about letting me have a little action with him? Since my kid left, I really ain't had a work out with anyone. Tillie's hauled my ashes for me, but, man, she's like a fucking toilet, it relieves you but it sure as shit doesn't satisfy you."

"Why not. I've got to go over to the hobby shop and pick up a few things."

"Here's my locker key. Since my kid left, I've stored a few toys in my hobby shop locker, why don't you just take what you want."

"Toys," I wondered what that meant. Surely they couldn't be playing with toys, but I could see that Chuck was interested as he took the key. "You sure you don't mind?"

"Fuck, no, man, I might even be able to use them."

Turning to me, Chuck explained, "Jerry works in the chapel as a clerk. We're going to hold a poker game over there this afternoon during the movie. His boss is off for the day." He lowered his voice, "you go with him and you do whatever he tells you to." He started to walk off. "I'll see you over in the Chapel in a couple of hours."

As Chuck walked off, Jerry said, "Let's go take a leak before we head for the chapel."

The latrine was behind the athletic shack next to the weight lifting area. As I stood by the long open urinal, I realized that I had an urgent need to piss. My cock was half hard, either from expectancy or the need to piss. I watched as Jerry wheeled out his long fat cock. I had trouble starting but Jerry

started to piss in a long heavy stream. He grinned at me, as I unabashedly stared at his dong. My own piss started and Jerry directed his flow into mine.

As Jerry finished, he squeezed off the last drops and shook it toward me. "Think you can handle this?"

"I hope so, sir."

"Believe me, you will."

The heavy wooden doors of the chapel were locked. Jerry pulled a key from his pocket and opened it, letting me precede him into the dary hallway. He locked the door behind us and unlocked the chaplain's office door. He led me into the back room of the two-roomed office. This was the chaplain's personal office. There was a desk with two chairs. One side of the wall had cabinets and book shelves. The floor was of cold linoleum.

The room was dusky because the window shades were drawn. Jerry closed the door between the two offices.

"O.K., let's see what you've got. Strip," Jerry ordered as he perched on the edge of the desk.

I unbuttoned my shirt, pulled it out of my pants and removed it. Folding it, I put it on a shelf. Next came by hightop shoes and socks. Jerry's eyes followed every move as his hands kneaded his crotch. I unloosened the web belt from its brass buckle and unbuttoned the levis. They were so tight I had to skin them off.

"I take it that you haven't been into the scene very long," commented Jerry.

"No, sir." I barely murmured.

"Speak up when I talk to you," he directed. "Well, Chuck has just started your training, so I'll continue it." He got up from the edge of the desk. I could see his cock was hard as it pressed against his left thigh. "Get on your knees and grip your hands together behind you."

I knelt on the hard linoleum floor. Just naturally, I bowed my head in what I would discover was the classical pose of abjection. My cock stood out, demanding release. I had not come since the night before and I figured this tough dude wasn't about to let me come. Mentally, I shrugged my shoulders.

"Get down and lick my boots, asshole. They ain't been cleaned since my kid left."

Different strokes for different folks, I thought. If this turns him on, well . . . I halfheartedly started licking the toe of his boot and could taste the dust. "Put a little more enthusiasm into it, or I'll bust your ass." I worked up more saliva and took long swipes. The smell of leather filled my nostrils and I found that I really dug it. My cock rose between my thighs, not entirely because of the leather, but from the fact that I was actually being put down. Here I was stark naked, on my knees with my hands entwined behind me, licking the boots of this hunky dude!

In the quiet of the room I could hear cloth against flesh, Jerry was taking off his shirt. "O.K., get up." I had to use my hands to help me off the floor. When I got to my feet, Jerry was looking at me with fire in his eyes. His hand rose and he slapped me across the face with a force that caused me to reel into the nearby corner. "I didn't tell you to take your hands from behind you, motherfucker." The fury of the attack frightened me. I looked at his powerful arms and hairy chest.

"I'm sorry, sir," I managed to murmur, hoping to quell what I saw as a maniacal response to my thoughtless breach of orders.

"Chuck must be easy on you, but for the time being you're mine and I'm going to punish you." He walked over to me and seized my cock and balls and twisted them until I thought he would tear them off. Could I take him, I wondered, but, then, did I want to knock his cocky block off? Funny thing, the pain of his twisting and squeezing was turning me on more and more.

Releasing me, he asked in a quiet voice, "Do you think you should be punished?"

SIT DOWN ON THE TOILET. I NEED A QUICK BLOW JOB BEFORE WE GO TO EAT.

"Yes, sir," I whispered.

"Louder, turd, I can't hear you."

"Yes, sir," I shouted.

"Not so fucking loud, cum-bag, do you want to bring the heat and get us busted?" Jerry shoved me toward the chaplain's desk. "Bend over, stretch your arms out and grab the other end of the desk."

Jerry removed the wide leather belt from his levis. The belt had probably been made at the hobby shop since web belts were issued by the prison. Standing at the end of the desk facing me, I could see the belt doubled in his hand, but my eyes were more attracted to the heavy cock that was bound in the confines of his pants. My mouth began to salivate as I eyed this instrument.

Bending over Jerry caused the belt to caress the flesh on my back, bringing it sensuously down the crack of my ass. I spread my legs so I could feel its texture against my craving hole. Immediately the broad, supple belt slashed across the cheeks of my ass in a pain-searing blow. "I didn't tell you to move." The blow had been so unexpected and vicious that it brought tears to my eyes. Again it began its sensuous course over my body. Jerry redoubled it and forced the end into my mouth. I could taste the leather and I licked it in the narrow confines of my mouth.

You've got ten strokes coming. I don't futsy around when I punish a slave. I don't want to hear a sound from you until its over and then I expect you to thank me. Understand?"

"Yes, sir." I gripped the edge of the desk with my hands because I knew that Jerry was not the kind to play games.

The first stroke came right on top of the earlier one and caused my eyes to sting. Blow after blow fell across my back, ass and thighs. I could tell that he was skillfully avoiding my kidneys. While the blows on the back and thighs were sharp and stinging, his full force was being exerted on my ass. As the last stroke fell, I was sure that one more blow to my ass would have caused me to go into orbit, I wasn't too sure I could have taken another whack there.

"What do you say?"

"Thank you, sir."

Standing by my head, he unbuttoned his levis and pulled out his heavy cock and balls. I flicked my tongue at the proffered head which earned me another slap across my face. "You do what you're told. With me you don't take the initiative."

I stared at the heavily veined shaft. It was a bit longer than my own but its circumference was almost as big as my wrist. Jesus, I thought, if he sticks that up my ass, he'll tear me apart. Pre-come was forming in the slit of the head like a viscous dew drop. Where the beating had dried my salivary glands, the sight of his juice was bringing these glands into full play.

"Wash the head with your tongue and catch all the come. I don't want to fuck around too long or I'll have to heat your ass up again before I fuck you."

My tongue seized the juicy head, flicking the knob with a furor which brought a moan from Jerry's lips. He leaned forward and plunged the shaft into my mouth and into my throat. I gagged because my throat found it hard to accommodate such a huge invasion. Jerry actually had to squeeze it in. This had obviously happened to him before because after he brought it back into my mouth, he made no effort to repeat it. My swirling tongue felt the clearly defined veins, tracing their course along the shaft.

From behind some old and worn hymnals on a shelf by his side, Jerry extricated a large unlabeled jar. Laying the jar's cover on the desk, I could see it was filled to the rim by some gelatinous substance. Jerry dropped his levis around his ankles and went behind me. Again the belt swished behind me and the few blows fell on my already burning ass. I didn't mind it as much this time because my whole being was centered on his cock and whether I would be able to take it. Jerry laid the belt on the desk by my side. I felt his probing fingers at my asshole. His grease-loaded thumb entered my sphincter as it dispersed the grease and sought the walnut-shaped prostate. My cock hardened between my belly and the hard surface of the desk.

The head of Jerry's cock centered on my asshole and began its slow penetration. "Loosen up, mother fucker. I don't really want to tear your ass up, but I will if you don't cooperate." Uncontrollably, I fought against the invasion. Even though Chuck had loosened me up with his assault the night before, I just couldn't take this pole. Backing off, Jerry growled, "Get on your fucking back on the desk. I'm going to get into you, you can bet on it."

I got up from across the desk and lay back on its hard wooden surface. Jerry had me throw my legs over his shoulders as he repositioned himself. He pulled my ass just a bit over the edge of the desk. The cockhead re-entered my ass with a bit more ease than it had before. The pain shot up my spinal cord to my brain as the cock went further and further. Jerry grunted at the effort of shoving the huge tool into the small orifice.

Beads of sweat covered both of our bodies as I felt his groin slam against the cheeks of my ass. He's got it all in, I thought in disbelief. As he began his strokes, the pain lessened and I began to get into the action by rolling my ass, trying to meet his thrusts. "Yeah, baby, feel a man's cock in you. You're so fucking tight. I ain't never had such a tight piece of ass." His strokes were long, so that his cock would slip out of my hole. It was painful as he jabbed to re-enter my hot, wet chamber. He slapped at the cheeks of my ass repeatedly as the tempo built up. I knew that he was about to come and I lifted my ass to meet each thrust. Just as he began shooting his load, his cock again became disengaged and the chaplain's shiny desk got the full brunt of his come. It spurted all over my back and onto the desk's surface.

Pulling away from me quickly, Jerry jerked me off of the desk and onto my knees. He shoved his dribbling cock into my mouth and milked the remaining come into my mouth. I sucked hard and felt the cock getting softer in my mouth. Shoving my mouth away from his cock, he pulled up his pants and buttoned them up.

"Look at what you did," he said, pointing at the come-encrusted desktop. "Clean up as much as you can with your mouth." I started slurping and licking away at the come, but I was unable to get it all because it was leaving a whitish, dull film on the surface. "I'll get the rest of it later, since I have to polish it this afternoon."

Jerry stood in front of me and began playing with my still-hard cock. "Lay back on the desk," he instructed. I laid stretched out along its length as Jerry began to take my cock into his mouth. As he began to swallow it, I felt the heat of his mouth and the incredible pressure of sucking. I knew that I would not be able to hold off long. Jerry's blunt fingers sought and squeezed my hard nipples as his mouth applied a suction grip to my shaft. I felt dizzy from the onslaught and my balls tightened in their sac. My ass tightened on my prostate as my balls boiled in their search for release. As my come began its course, I tried to hold it back but great jets spurted into Jerry's mouth. Jerry sucked every drop into his mouth until I flinched from the abuse of my super-sensitive cock-head.

Releasing my cock, Jerry bent over and kissed me. He dumped my come into my mouth, mumbling, "Swallow it." From the amount he deposited in my mouth, it felt like I hadn't come in a month of Sundays. I gulped the sweet tasting load, just barely able to taste it.

"Get up and get dressed, baby," said Jerry. "You were great," he continued, "I sure want more of you."

After I had dressed, Jerry let me out of the chapel and I returned to the cell for a nap. Just before lunch, Chuck awakened me for lunch. "I got us some toys to play with tonight. I put them down in the clothing shack. How did you like Jerry?"

"Great, sir."

"Good, he's a friend of mine and I want you to always treat him with respect."

I got up from the bunk and washed my hands and face. When I turned back to Chuck, he was standing behind me with his cock jutting out of the fly of his pants.

"Sit down on the toilet. I need a quick blow job before we go to eat."

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Hungrily, I started sucking on his cock. I was to learn in the days to come that Chuck was one of those people who could come easily four and five times a night without any real effort. I had no sooner started than a burst of come filled my mouth. As it softened in my mouth, I kept my mouth still, expecting a load of piss to follow, but Chuck jerked it out, saying, "Not this time, baby."

During lunch, Chuck had little to say, but I could tell that he was looking at me speculatively. I had no idea what he was thinking, so I ate my bologna sandwich and drank my soup.

We filed out of the cellhouse into the yard. As we passed the outer steeled gate, Officer Long brushed against me as he came into the cellhouse. He eyed me curiously, but I thought no more of it as we passed through the crowd of men, waiting for the most part to return to their jobs while those without jobs bunched into a group to go back to the dining room to see the weekend movie.

"Do you want to take in the movie this afternoon?"

"That's up to you, sir," I answered. "Are you going?"

"No, I'll go tomorrow."

I really didn't want to go without him and I felt sure that he sensed it.

"There's a poker game in the chapel this afternoon and I'm running it, so I've got to be there to cut the pot."

Again speculation glinted in his eyes. I wondered what he was thinking about, but I knew better than to ask. We were walking toward the chapel, maybe he would want me to watch the game.

"Maybe, I can help you."

"Maybe, you can, but not the way you think. I run my own games, but you might make me a bit of money on the side."

"How's that," I stopped because I expected him to get angry at my question, "Sir?"

Ignoring my breach of the slave-master relationship, he said, "Well, there'll be four or five other guys there and a lot of tension in the chapel as the game goes on. You might be able to release a bit of that tension."

"How's that," I was repeating myself but I couldn't help it.

"Don't act so fucking dumb," snarled Chuck.

"I — I don't know what you mean, sir."

"Come on," he ordered gruffly as he spotted Jerry standing on the chapel steps.

Quickly, we entered the door which Jerry locked after us. "I brought us a little entertainment for the afternoon's game."

"Great," grinned Jerry. "Man, I want to thank you for this morning. He's a great lay. I wouldn't mind getting some more of that."

"Hey, we're buddies. He's yours to use whenever you want to."

I felt like a piece of inanimate meat as these two dudes discussed me as if I wasn't even there. Neither one asked me if it was alright. They assumed that I had no say in the matter and I guess I didn't.

"He sure as hell beats Tillie the Toilet. Man, I think I'd rather whip my mule than stick it into Tillie again."

"Well, I've been thinking of making him available to the guys who want to use his mouth and ass this afternoon at the game."

"Yeah, that'd be great. Once the word got out among our friends we won't have any trouble getting players for next week's game."

"I already thought of that."

I knew they were serious and my cock stirred in my pants. I hoped they were as good as these two.

"The guys won't be getting here for another fifteen minutes. The work details have to get out and the show guys into the dining room."

Looking at me, Chuck ordered peremptorily, "Strip naked."

As I took off my shirt, Chuck sat on the edge of the chaplain's desk while Jerry sprawled in the chaplain's swivel chair. Each man lit up a cigarette while they watched me remove my clothing.

"You ever fisted him," asked Jerry.

"No, but I plan to as soon as I get him broken into my cock. Did you get that monster of yours into him this morning?"

"Yeah, man. It's the tightest piece of ass I ever had."

"You ever been fisted, boy," asked Chuck as I folded my levis and stood before them stark naked.

"Fisted, sir?" my voice expressed my puzzlement at the expression.

In a tone of exasperation, Chuck asked, "Yeah, you ever had a goddam fist up your ass?"

He must be putting me on, I thought, but I said, "No, sir."

"I knew it," piped up Jerry. "I think you got yourself a virgin."

Chuckles, Chuck retorted, "He won't be for very long."

Jerry was stroking his hardening cock with the palm of his hand.

"Take care of the man," Chuck ordered.

I knelt in front of the seated Jerry and unloosened his belt. As I opened his fly, I could feel the throbbing cock demanding release from the binding cloth. I reached in and freed the heavy cock and balls. Jerry stretched his legs out on each side of me. I looked up at him and he said, "Start sucking it."

Moistening my lips, I plunged my gaping jaws down on the shaft. My thrust got the head into my throat and I found I was better able to control my gag-reflex. I started sucking furiously at the heavy cock.

"How about three packs of cigarettes for a blow job and five for his ass?"

"That sounds fair. How much is it going to cost me?"

Laughing, Chuck said, "It's free to you, anytime you want it."

"Why don't you rent him out to some of the guys into S&M for the night?"

"Well, I thought of it, but I'm not sure he's ready for that yet."

"Suck my balls," Jerry directed my head toward his heavy, hairy balls. I licked at them as I listened to their conversation. "I sure would like to be the first to fist him."

"Forget it, man. That's going to be my pleasure. If he's ever double-fisted, then it'll be you and me."

"Alright, buddy." He grabbed my hair and moved my mouth from his balls to his leaking cock. "I ain't double fucked anyone in years, maybe, next Friday we could both of us get our cocks up his ass at the same time."

"Why not." There was a coddled rap to the front door of the chapel. "Sounds like our first player is here."

I started to move away from the cock, but Jerry fore stalled me. "Keep on, baby, I'm about ready to come."

My back was to the office door and I sensed that Chuck had returned with some other people. Embarrassed or not, I concentrated on the cock in my mouth, because I wanted these new guys to know just how good I was.

"Man, what've we got here," said a husky voice.

"Hey, hey, I sure would like some of that," said another.

"This is this afternoon's treat," said Chuck. "Three packs for a head job and five for his fine brown."

"What's he, a freelancer?" asked the first voice.

"He's my fucking slave," said Chuck tersely.

"With any luck from the cards this afternoon, I'm going to fill him up with load after load of come. How about some credit?"

"Fuck you, man," Chuck laughed. "This is strictly cash on the barrelhead. No cigarettes, no slave."

Just as Jerry poured his semen down my throat, there was another knock on the outside door. Jerry grabbed my head and pumped his seed into my mouth while I swallowed load after load. As I got off of the cock, Chuck entered the room with three other guys.

"Stand in the corner," directed Chuck, "hands behind you and your head bowed."

What must have been a giant of a man approached me and he grabbed my tit and twisted it. I found myself staring at the middle button of his shirt. Grabbing my shoulders he turned me to the wall. His rough hand passed over my back, down my spine and caressed the cheeks of my ass. I felt like a horse as he ran his hand over my flanks. Turning me back like a puppet, he gripped my hard cock in his hand. "Five for his butt hole, three for his mouth, how much to get this off," he said, gesturing with my cock.

Laughing, Chuck said, "Two packs, anyway you want to get it off."

"How much for some heavy S&M," asked a short black-haired dude leaning against the doorway.

"I'll break anyone's back who damages my property. He's here to strictly service cock or have his cock used."

I was relieved to hear those words. The short dude looked

mean and I was sure that he was aching to really hurt me.

"Man," a guy whom I remembered from the weight-lifting yard that morning asked, "how much is it going to cost to get my ass rimmed, cause I dearly love to have my ass sucked?"

"Not a cent more. I haven't trained him for scat but water-sports are O.K."

"Well, let's go into the chapel and get the game started," said Jerry.

The six men filed out of the room while Chuck stayed behind. "The guys will pay you. Put the cigarettes in the bottom drawer of the desk." His voice hardened as he continued. "You don't put out until you've been paid and you only give them what they paid for. Charley, the big dude will want to suck your cock for nothing, but you fucking better get two packs from him. Understand? I'll be in now and then to check on you. You can sit on the floor, but I don't want you sitting on the furniture unless a trick tells you to. If you got to take a piss, use the wastebasket." As he walked out, he admonished me, "Don't shame me, or you'll be goddam sorry."

"Yes, sir."

As the afternoon progressed, I wondered if anyone had much time to play poker, since one after the other came in to either get their cocks sucked or to butt fuck me. The big dude made no pretence about wanting me to do him, since he made three visits to suck me off. By the time the afternoon was over, my jaws and ass ached, but I felt fulfilled as well as filled.

Before they left, they all came into the office to express their satisfaction with me. Chuck ordered me to lie on the linoleum spread eagle and all of the men took their cocks from their pants and began to piss on me. Some aimed their stream toward my hardening cock and balls, while others directed their piss to my chest and armpits whereas Jerry and Chuck filled my mouth with a steady stream. As they finished pissing, they began to file out of the chapel.

After the players had left, Chuck grinned at Jerry as he said, "Man, this has been the best afternoon yet. We made a couple of hundred bucks in canteen. They couldn't keep their mind off the kid. The dudes played with one hand full of cards while the other one stroked away at their cocks."

"Whooee, look at all these packs of butts," whistled Jerry as he looked into the lower desk drawer. "There must be 60 or 70 packs here."

"Man, I've got me a goldmine."

"Go into the chaplain's private bathroom and take a shower," said Jerry. "We'll let the floor dry off and you can mop and polish it in the morning."

The hot shower felt just great. Physically, I felt depleted from the repeated assaults. As I began to rinse off, the plastic curtain opened and Jerry and Chuck got in with me. The two men were naked and they began to wet their bodies down.

"Scrub us down," ordered Chuck. I took the soap and began to wash my master, afterwards I did the same for Jerry.

"Now, assume the position," directed Chuck.

I found my face in Chuck's groin as Jerry sought entrance into my butt. Jerry's soapy cock made an easy entry into my already come-loaded and stretched ass while Chuck shoved his cock down my throat. The two men quickly established a tempo which indicated to me that they had done this before. Probably, with Tillie the Toilet, I thought. Jerry started stroking away at my cock. I didn't believe that I could come again, but the thought of two hunky dudes pounding away at my mouth and ass together turned me on.

I felt myself coming as Chuck unloaded in my mouth. As I shot off, my ass gripped Jerry's cock in a death-grip and he unloaded into me while his hands released my cock and squeezed my hip.

As I straightened up, Chuck took me into his arms and planted a deep kiss on my mouth. His tongue darted into my mouth. I could feel Jerry press behind me. I was being crushed between these two men in a passionate embrace. What a way to die, I thought.

After we had returned to our cell, Chuck and I stripped off and slept until after supper. Jerry woke us before lockup so we wouldn't miss the count.

I was able to discern a change in Chuck's attitude toward me. He was warmer and there was almost a sense of camaraderie between us, but I could not and would not forget that I was his slave. My servitude gave me my first sense of really be-

longing, maybe not the casual belonging of the straight world, but a more physical and spiritual sense of being. I would always be grateful to Chuck, no matter what happened to us, for showing me where I really belonged — *under the heel of a good master!*

Again, Chuck kept me naked in the clothing shack, but I had gotten used to my status. The guys who had used me that afternoon came by to exchange their socks and towels and they expressed their pleasure in me to Chuck which made me happy. Other guys who knew Chuck asked if they could get into next week's game, looked at me significantly.

During one of the breaks, Chuck grinned, "I may have to run two games at the same time. I figure ten to fifteen guys'll show up next Friday. Think you can handle them all?"

"I'll do my best, sir."

"Yeah, you will, baby."

As I took the evening shower, I saw Jerry and Chuck talking in the shack. By the time I got back, Jerry had returned to his cell. As I wiped off and put on a pair of levis, Chuck said, "Tomorrow night, you sleep over in Jerry's cell. Tillie's his cell partner and she'll be staying with me."

I felt a wave of jealousy which took my breath away. I knew better than to argue. I felt miserable. He really preferred that whore to me, I thought. Chuck turned away from me and went to the back of the shack where he extricated a large paper sack.

"These are the toys I picked up in the Hobby Shop. We're going to have some fun tonight."

Toys! What the fuck were toys, I wondered. I was so upset about Tillie being in my bed the next night that I didn't have the energy to ask any questions, not that Chuck would have given me any answers.

After we got back to the cell, I stripped naked while Chuck stretched out on my bunk. "Are you hungry?" "Yes, sir." "Good, I got a guy from the kitchen to bring us a thermos of coffee and a couple of sandwiches each."

As I stood combing my hair in the back of the cell, a tall, lanky hillbilly stopped outside of the cell and handed Chuck a thermos bottle and some wrapped sandwiches.

"O.K., mother fucker, come on over here and suck for our supper."

The lanky dude's hand shook as he unbuttoned his fly and wheeled out his long thin cock. As I crouched at the bars, I could smell his dirty crotch and had to control my gag reflex. My stomach churned within me while my cock shrank up against my belly. I looked at Chuck whose head lay against the bars with pleading eyes. "Suck it, or I'll whip you simple," he growled.

I grabbed the head between my lips and began to gingerly suck the long cock. Almost immediately, a burst of come erupted into my mouth. The guy's cock hadn't even got hard. I debated whether or not to swallow it, but I couldn't bring myself to do it.

I got up and went to the back of the cell. I managed to spit the load into the toilet bowl.

"Hey, man, that ain't no blow job," the hillbilly protested.

"Did you get your rocks off, man," asked Chuck.

"Yeah, but . . ."

"Yeah, but, nothing, asshole. You got your rocks and I got the chow. Now, hit it before I make you suck the kid's cock."

Quickly, the guy left the front of the cell, muttering under his breath. Chuck just lay on the bunk laughing.

"Come on over here, baby, and eat." As we ate our sandwiches and drank the coffee, Chuck paused and looked directly at me. "Don't you ever spit a load of come out again. You swallow all of them unless I tell you otherwise."

"But, sir . . ."

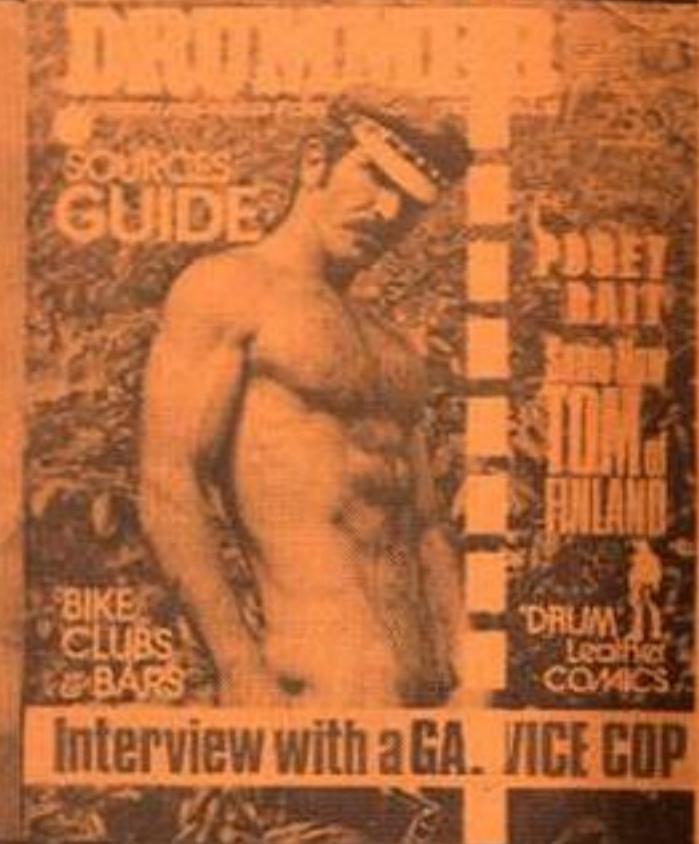
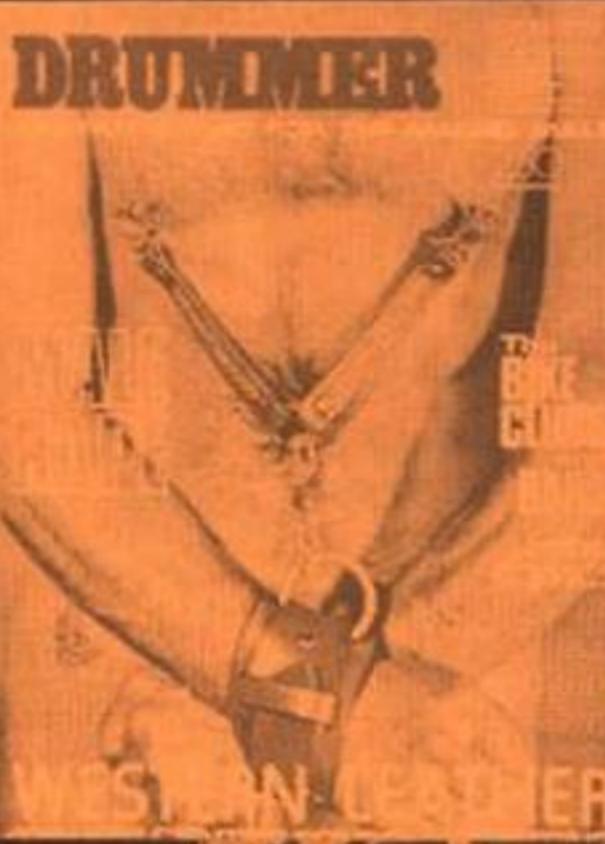
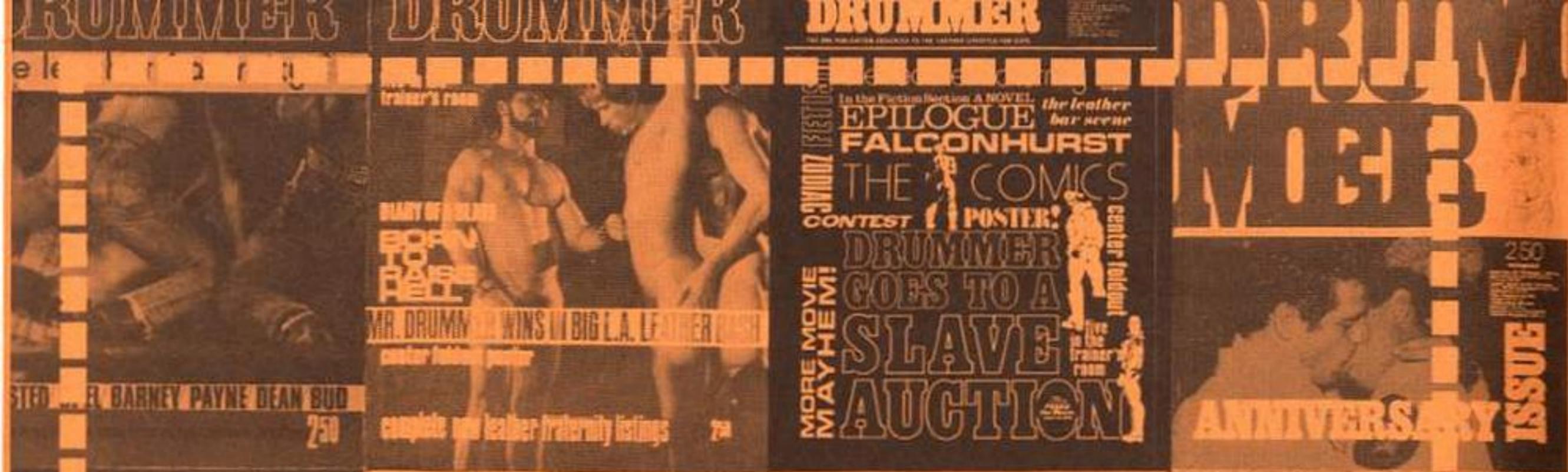
Patiently, Chuck explained, "A guy gets his cock sucked, he expects to have his come swallowed, it's part of the trip. So, you swallow every load you get."

After we had finished eating, Chuck told me to get the paper sack from behind the bunk.

Taking the bag on his chest, he reached in and pulled up a piece of leather and lacing. I could see that it was some sort of a hood, only there were no eyepieces, nor holes for the ears. Holes for the nostrils and a slotted mouthpiece were the only access areas.

"This is for you, baby. Once I get it on you, you'll get to play with the other toys."

to be continued . . .



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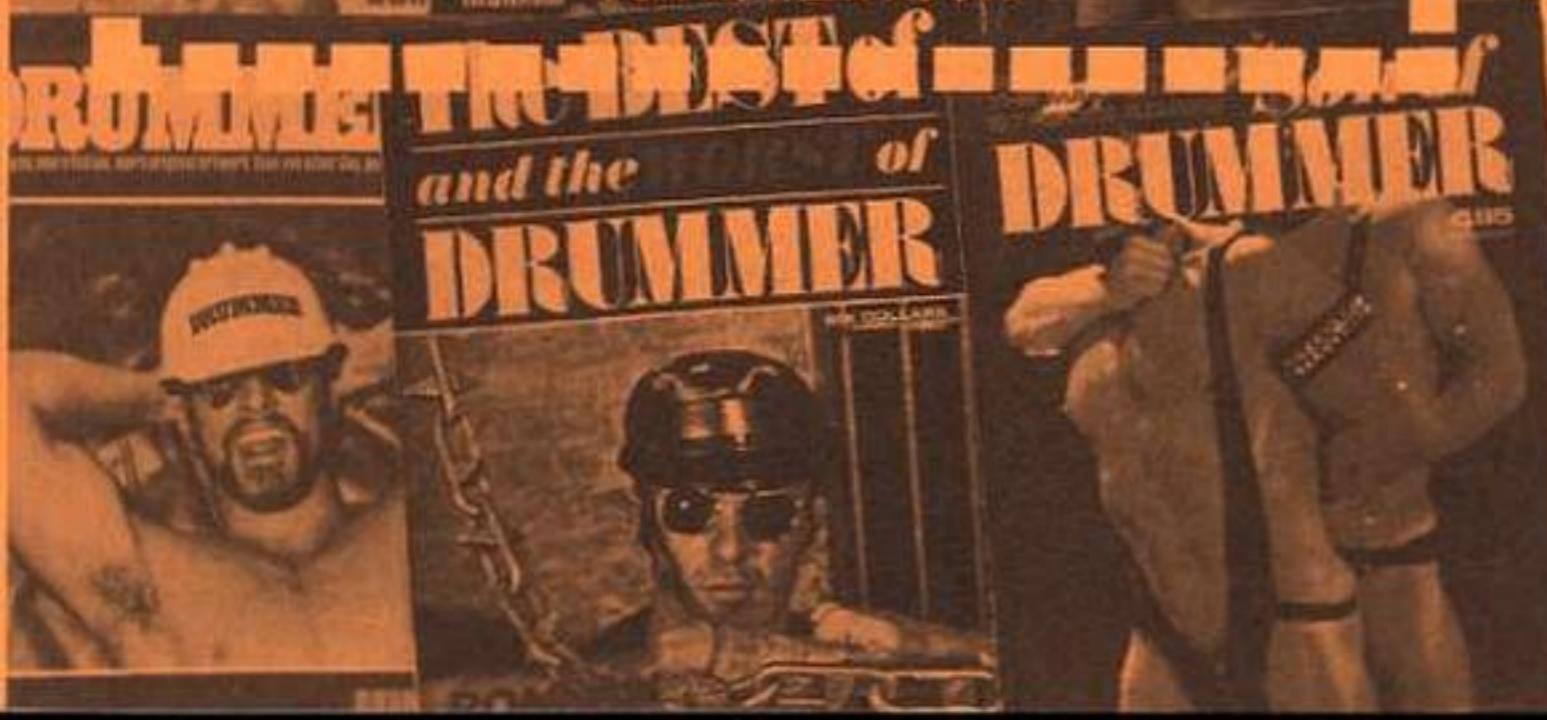
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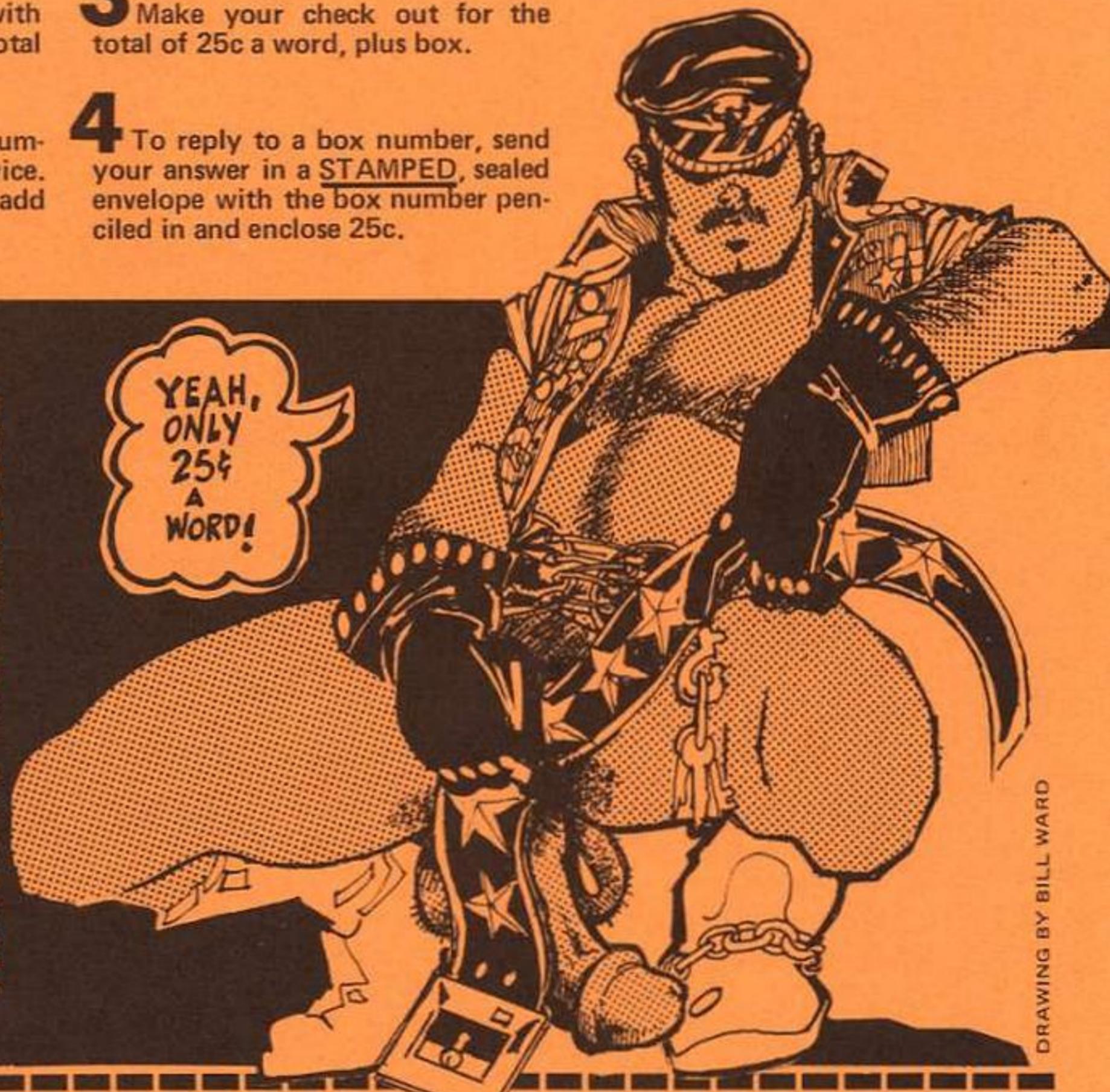
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HANDSOME, FUNLOVING LEVI/LEATHER Harley Rider, Taurus, 39, 5'10", 160, white, wishes to share fantasies with masculine, discreet, clean, unselfish buddy to 50. Digs motorcycle riders, uniformed cycle cops, high boots, chaps, breeches, horses. Mustache/beard a turn-on. Seeking permanent friendships. No fags, fats, drugs. Box 451A

ARKANSAS

LITTLE ROCK SLAVES — Get on your knees and write to this dominant Master, 6'2", 185 lbs, 8½" uncut if you are white, masculine and not overweight. My interests are shaving your crotch smooth, pouring piss down your slave throat, bondage, getting the discipline from you I demand, FF and letting you know who's boss. Am experienced, respectful of limits, imaginative. You should include your phone number and times you are available. Box 308B.

ARIZONA

FULL TIME LIVE-IN SLAVE-SON-LOVER

Phoenix S, 6'2", blonde, blue eyes, hairy, masculine, muscular, 43-year-old Master, Father, Lover with 6½" and huge bull balls, seeks M, 18-32, physically and psychologically capable of daily training and sex in all disciplines with complete submission. All financial needs met for right M. No fags, fats, family ties, hustlers or heavy drugs. Revealing photo with descriptive background. Be honest and save us both time. Must be willing to move to Phoenix. No photo, no reply. Hurry and become my property. Box 131.

CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO MEN

Hunky w/m, 27, 150 lbs, 5'8", black hair, brown eyes. Gemini jock, gets into almost any scene with hot, bearded, husky men. No scat or blood. Turned on by Military, jocks, leather, tattoos, dirty talk, body-builders. Send photo & letter to: J.C., 660 O'Farrell, No. 4, San Francisco, CA 94109.

REPORT TO COMMANDANT US*ALL STOCKADE

Aryan, 49, uncut, 6'2", 170 lbs. For submissions re: w/s, S&M, B&D, VA, humiliation, beating (caucasians only) under Military/SS/USMC disciplinary principles and total arrogance. This is serious and as real as fantasy allows. Applications requested for assistance as Guard/Drill Instructor. Stockade is a non-domestically associated punishment facility. Workouts only in prison uniforms or work garb. US*ALL, Dept. D, Box 972, Mountain View, CA 94042.

CRUEL MASTER DESIRED

Cruel, sadistic w/m Master(s) with SS mentality/drives needed for heavy bondage, suspensions, stretching, whipping, flogging, colonic, torture. You set limits! Only mature, fully equipped need apply. Could you use me? Bay Area, NYC, European locations. Box 701E.

L.A., ORANGE COUNTY, LONG BEACH. Hot, hairy animal, 30, turns on to sadistic meat, provides full service to demanding studs into heavy scenes, who know how to use a wild, hot animal. Box 591, Long Beach, CA 90801.

ORANGE COUNTY w/m, 37, masculine, goodlooking dog seeks collar, chains, and masculine, sensitive Master with good body, hung. Possible relationship. Details, photo, letter. Box 32, South Laguna, CA 92677.

SAN FRANCISCO, M, 31, 5'5", 130 lbs, muscular, handsome, wants B&D and uninhibited leather action with a muscular Master who wants total service. Box 146.

LOS ANGELES, S, Aquarius, 22, 5'11", 150. White, 6½". Knowledgeable. Tough, hot looking Levi/leather boss gets total service from submissive, wild-assed, hungry bootlickers. If they work for it, they'll get his Levis and all the sweaty meat, grease and piss in 'em. Put yourself in real good hands. Box 294V8.

LOS ANGELES, S, Libra, 40, 5'10", 155, white, 6", knowledgeable, attractive, imaginative Stud is good top man for obedient uninhibited partner. No heavy drugs, drunks, fags, fats. Loves sex! Box 133.

ORAL SLAVE
Fremont, 38, 6'3", Black, 190 lbs, 7", uncut, gives total oral service, appreciates w/s, dirty talk, name calling, humiliation, verbal abuse, licking asshole. Looking for White, Latin or Asian into having a tall slave, should be 18-45, leather/levi. Must be masculine. Box 491F.

LOS ANGELES, M, Virgo, 49, 5'10½", 145 lbs, white, 6", knowledgeable, imaginative and obedient. Box 182.

LOS ANGELES, MS, Leo, 42, 6'1", 165 lbs, white, 6", novice, willing and eager to learn complete submission, to suffer or cause suffering within limits with reliable partner to 45. No mutilation, physical handicapped. Box 208.

VENTURA, SM, 45, 6'3", 225, German, 7". Seeks well built, over 35, over 6 feet, levi or leather dominant or passive. Am versatile and willing to learn. Box 170.

WOODLAND HILLS, M, Pisces, 40, 5'9½", white, 165 lbs, 8", enjoys C&B action, catheters, enemas, serious sex by controlling Master. 3-ways ok. Box 132M.

LOS ANGELES, S, 45, 5'6", 135 lbs, solid, muscular, masculine stud, 7" cut. Looking for masculine, slender or muscular man, under 55. White. Not interested in fucking anything that I wouldn't walk down the street with. Box 667C.

AVALON, SM, Leo/Virgo cusp, 39, 5'11", 145, Latin, 7" uncut. An evil and imaginative mind dedicated to exploring my personal limits for mind-blowing orgasms, which I wish to share in either role (prefer dominate). Must have boat. Seek MC riders for summer runs. No body odor, bad teeth or soft bellies. Box 318V2.

FRESNO, CA, W/M 38, Cancer, 5'10", 150 lbs. TAIL member 1891. Like mellow scenes, top or bottom, FFA, erotic enemas, exploring fantasies. No great hangups about age, race, etc. but am not "into" teenie-boppers, excessive dopers or grotesque freaks. Box CAY103.

S.F. BAY AREA, w/m, early 40s, 5'4", 130 lbs, straight appearance, interests include horseback riding, bicycling and hiking (motorcycles a possibility), turned on by horse and motorcycle types, would like to put some of his raunchy fantasies into reality action with compatible buddy or buddies. Box 175.

OROVILLE, M, Cancer, 32, 6', 180, white, 6½", knowledgeable. Needs leather Master for life. I love leather and need kinky scenes, mild S&M, B&D, am into w/s, scat fantasies, humiliation. I must serve my Master in leather and boots. I am considered goodlooking, masculine, and need training. I am open and loose for the right man-Master. Fantasies mixed with a little reality is where I am. Please, Master, I need you bad. Box 81E.

PLEASE, SIR

Wanted: white, hairy, leather Master, 35-60, to teach and love inexperienced white, 5'9", 155 lbs, 24 year-old, average looking slave. No games. Sincere only. Thank you, Sir. Jim, Box 4509, San Francisco, CA 94101.

SAN FRANCISCO, S/M, 41, 7", 5'10". Previous experience as an S, but leaning toward M role. Prefer a dominant who respects limits. Seek under 40, 5'10" and over, over 6" endowment, dressed in full leather. Box 136H.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cancer, 36, 5'10", 130. White. Bearded bottom for rim and/or scat. Beard or mustache a must. No age or race restrictions. Horst (415) 282-8550, 10 pm to midnight. Other times answering machine. Write: Box 101SF.

WHITE MASTER, 23, 5'10", 150, 7" cut, seeks goodlooking, young, serious slave with desire to serve, learn and obey. I am a clever, energetic Master who knows how to use you effectively. Box 130Y.

HAYWARD, M, Capricorn, 39, 6'3", 190, 7". Black. Wants to meet white, Latin or Asian masculine man, 18-45, for total oral service, body worship, humiliation, verbal abuse, w/s, tit-work. Face sitters preferred. Photo and frank letter will get prompt reply. Box 104UC.

S, 5'10", 150 lbs, 23, 7", cut, looking for white M to 29, goodlooking, submissive, cut, subservient and masculine. Southern California area. Must be smooth, not hairy, not into playing games. Must follow orders. Box 130Y.

LOS ANGELES, SM, 40, 6', 190 lbs, 8" uncut, experienced Master or slave with cabin in the mountains for outdoors scenes. Have had excellent training in both roles. Am gentle but firm, respect limits. Not into excessive pain for force. Prefer the experienced. Box 318V2.

SAN FRANCISCO, 33, 5'8", 150 lbs, bearded, oral obedience, tit-work, rimming, humiliation, verbal abuse, jockstraps, begging; either role. No pain or bondage. Box 64, 537 Jones, S.F., CA 94102.

L.A. FILTH

Tough, hard, beer drinking, cigar smoking, foul mouthed dirt dude with rank armpits, slimy asshole and a cruddy uncut cock wears greasy, rotten, stinking boots, socks, jocks, t-shirts, levis and leather. Digs spitting, pissing, shitting, pukeing, sweating and farting and gets off with chains, tires, concrete, mud, tools, rubbers and oil. Box 294V8.

HOLLYWOOD, S, Gemini, 55, 5'9", 155, white, 7", novice, will give hard spanking to buns with or without restraint. Like a stern father. I have good hands, paddles and other toys. 375B.

CIRCA GALLERY
Walnut Grove Center
9026 Tampa Ave.
Northridge, CA 91324
(213) 993-7774

GRANADA HILLS, white, 21, novice slave seeks understanding Master to train me right. Box 174.

LEATHERSEX WANTED
M, 5'11", 145 lbs, 7" cut, goodlooking slave, firm, sweaty, smooth body, seeking hot young stud for total service. Box 158.

CAUCASIAN MALE, 45, 6', 194 lbs, Los Angeles, enjoys laying leather on back asses. Limits nearly respected. Box 155.

LOS ANGELES, S, Taurus, 45, 6'4", 210, white, 9", experienced seeks slaves for a week in the woods. Bike run. California. Box CAB202.

NORTH BAY AREA
W/m, 52, 6'2", 185. If you are the same and love motorcycles, leather uniforms, horses and saddles, tall polished boots and britches, spurs and chrome, then lets ride off together. No freaks, please. Must be very straight appearing and discretion an absolute must. Photo please, either mounted or unmounted. Box 308A.

LOS ANGELES, M, Aries, 38, 6', 145, 7", clean cut, well built, into kinky scenes, tit, cock and ball torture, temporary piercing, music, playroom; seeks virile, masculine S, big balled, older OK. Box LAP301.

MONTEREY AREA
Well built, hairy father in 40's needs younger, smooth and thin fellow to be spanked and loved like a son. Box 375C.

OAKLAND, S, Libra, 40, 5'10", 175, white, 7". Knowledgeable, experienced, discreet, masculine, good-looking dude, well equipped with toys seeks slim, submissive partner to 26. Should be clean shaven, clean cut. Box 052G.

SAN DIEGO AREA
SM, 39, 6'3", 190 lbs, 8" cut, has well equipped game room for scenes with Masters or slaves, from novice to well-experienced. Have toys and know how to use them. Should be over 25, clean, in leather or levis. Box 667F.

FORESKIN LOVER
Libra, 35, 6'2", 165 lbs, 9" cut, white, goodlooking, seeks big uncut cocks with lots of foreskin. I dig sucking, playing, and worshipping what you've got. No age or race hangups. Enjoy amyl. Have fantasy about playing with huge animals. Write: R.A.W., Box 11772, Palo Alto, CA 94306.

RIVERSIDE AREA, 40, 6', 180 lbs, hard 7", soft belly, sexy face, short nails, wants slender bottoms, especially FF, under 45. Also dig watching exhibitionists do their thing. Box 10.

LOS ANGELES, M, Pisces, 42, 6'2", 198 lbs, white, 7½", looking for a man for love and other things in this area. Box 11.

ATTENTION SLAVES
Dominant, goodlooking w/m body-builder, 29, seeks goodlooking, smooth-bodies, well-built slave, 18-28. Light S&M, B&D, spanking. Novice ok. Write now, slave! Photo to: Mac, Box 162, San Pablo, CA 94806.

TRANSFERRED TO S.F.
January, 1979. Oversexed M, 26, 5'10", 170 lbs, 6½" uncut, bearded, goodlooking, sense of humor, together, easy going, seeks together S who will help me expand my varied interests in the S&M scene. Want friends to experience leather, hot sex and conversation. No one-nighters. Phone and photo. Box 191.

BODYBUILDER

Well-muscled stud, 5'10", 200 lbs., wants other very muscular dudes or super-tall types for wild times. Photo appreciated. Box 108.

DOING IT IN 501'S

Clean or raunchy (much preferred). Also have complete leather. White, 45, 140 lbs. R.L., Box 14551, Long Beach, CA 90803.

GENERAL RANCH HAND

Needed to work 500 Ac ranch/farm. Must be hairy, active, looking for father figure. I'm 50, 5'10", 190 lbs. All scenes possible. Photo and phone. Box 24.

KINKY FILTHY HOT

31, 5'7", 130 lbs., w/m looking for hot, totally uninhibited guys who enjoy mutual play. Am mostly Master, but can switch with right person or play both simultaneously. Into S&M, B/D, W/S, scat. Leather, wet and raunchy Levis and jock straps, outdoor scenes, exhibitionist. Active FF, to give, receive or both. Spankings, whippings, boots, some rubber. Ready to explore any other experiences. Box 162.

LOS ANGELES, MS, Leo, 26, 5'11". 130 lbs., white, 8" cut, black hair, blue eyes, mustache, goodlooking non-smoker/drinker, knowledgeable. I am a full-time biker/leatherman who needs a goodlooking, experienced, masculine leather topman (under 45) to fulfill my desires to learn, serve, respect and love a man who is secure with his position; a real man who knows what he wants and how to take it. No heavy S&M, fats, or fems. Photo please, Sir. Box 117.

LONG BEACH AREA uncuts wanted by blonde/blue-eyed 26-year-old, 150 lbs., 5'10", 7" uncut, hot w/m. Dig hot, sweaty man action, any race, used beer, raunchy cocks. Hot cuts under 30 ok. Box 4358, Torrance, CA 90510. Rick (213) 434-6554.

N. Hollywood, w/m, 33, 6', 155 lbs., masculine, goodlooking, true fetishist, into rubber, leather & boots, seeks same type for top for hot Gr action and warm raps. Beards, mustache, aroma, toys and light S&M ok. No pain or scat. Photo and letter about you gets immediate reply. Connolly, Box 9151, N. Hollywood, CA 91609.

OAKLAND, M, novice, 54, 5'7", 125 lbs., semi-muscular build, hairy, 6" uncut, looking for hairy man under 50, white, with good build, into training a willing novice. Mutual respect important. Looking for varied experiences. Box 16.

ORAL BODY SLAVE seeks master, 21-40, for obedience, rimming, verbal abuse, tit play, humiliation, fantasy. No S&M or Gr. Box 98, 537 Jones St., S.F., CA 94102.

SACRAMENTO/SF, remember the high of pissing in the forest or mountain meadow? Do it here! Leather, longhaired, bearded farmer, bottom but versatile, seeking man for high times. 3 hours east of SF. Tom, Box 109, Mt. Aukum, CA 95656.

SAN DIEGO/LOS ANGELES, M, 46, 5'9½", 180 lbs., 7" cut, pierced. Leather, Levi, Prisoner-type slave. Into S&M, B/D, tit/cock/ball torture, suspension, enemas, ball stretching, shaving, seeks stern Master over 35 for evening/weekend training. Box 129.

S.F. BONDAGE ANIMAL Smooth, slender body to shave, piss on, torture, abuse, public humiliation. Hoods, masks, prolonged bondage, suspension. Box 13.

SAN FRANCISCO S

29, 5'8", Leo, 155 lbs., built and sadistic, into giving excruciating genital pain to other bodybuilders. No marks, damage, just real pain. (415) 864-5566.

ORIENTAL MASTER

San Francisco, S, 34, 5'9", 140. Oriental, 7". Hot looking in full leather, like dirty talk, giving tit work, but also well-educated, sane, inward. Wants goodlooking, masculine, white M in chaps for sex and intelligent conversation afterwards. Photo. Box SFL210.

MONTEREY AREA

MS, well built, 40s, w/m desires to meet clean, dominant, hairy, discreet w/m who is macho for getting it on. No young, fems or druggies. Box 98.

SAN FRANCISCO. Nipple action, w/m, 150 lbs., 32, seeks hot men with big tits for long tit work sessions, all scenes. Box 19.

SAN FRANCISCO, 29, 5'8", 160 lbs., dominant and experienced bodybuilder, 42" chest, 29" waist, solid, handsome, and together; into restraints, unusual equipment, w/s, genital S&M. Genuine bodybuilders and goodlooking men into sexual/sensual pain on the chest and nuts, call (415) 864-5566. 10 am to 10 pm West Coast time only.

SAN FRANCISCO, M, 26, 5'9", 150 lbs., white, goodlooking, masculine, boyish novice needs hairy, muscular Master, strong and decent enough to make me respect and obey him. I have a tight ass, follow orders, like outdoor sports. Might take on more than one. Box 22.

SAN FERNANDO VALLEY / L.A. White slave, 25, 6', 165 lbs., goodlooking Scandinavian, 7" cut, needs master who is willing to train me properly. Already into light S&M, bondage, leather, jock straps, wrestling, w/s, outdoor scenes, uniforms. Whatever else you desire, but no heavy pain or scat. Prefer master with hard body and beard or mustache; but not necessarily. Box 127.

SCAT PHOTOS WANTED

Goodlooking S, 43, will buy explicit scat pics of bare-assed humpy men. Shorts or pants, fine too. Also just plain ol' open assholes. Possible letter exchange with your photo. Into all low-down raunch scenes except S&M. Box 93.

WANTED: A MASTER

who owns a motorcycle, is into camping outdoors, B/D, S&M. Should be over 6 feet tall, white, and 21-50 years old. Will obey orders good. Box 91.

To apply in THE TOILET, a private phone club, send an SASE with \$1 to: John, 433 Douglass St., S.F., CA 94114.

INTO ELDERLY

San Francisco M, 5'10", 173 lbs., 38, uncut, hairy, into infantilism, spanking, whips, humiliation, verbal abuse, slapping, boots, C&B work, enemas, smoking, kinky scenes. Wishes to fulfill fantasies with masculine, dominant, arrogant and experienced S/Daddy/Master to 80. Discretion assured. Permanent relationship possible. Photo gets mine. No role switching, fems or phonies. Retired policemen welcome. I have a bad report card. Box 26.

ERCTION DEMOLITION

Expert, 30, seeks work. Heavy tit play my specialty. Dark haired and hairy guys my turn on. Box 28.

CLASSIFIED ADS GET RESULTS!
LOW RATES AND EASY FORMS

TWO MASTERS

6'1", 170 lbs., 26 and 6'2", 165 lbs., 46, accepting applications for slave, build proportionate to height. Experience not as important as submissive state of mind. If you KNOW you were born to serve, write NOW. No j/o letters, one-nighters. Serious only. Box 76.

EAST BAY NEWCOMER

WM, 36, 6'1", 185 lbs, uncut, brown hair, blue eyes, full trim beard, weekend athlete. Good collection of tools with a private place to share some give and take sessions. Not into heavy scenes . . . yet! Looking for another guy who is tired of working on himself and ready to expand his interests by working out with a hot Aquarian. Photo gets mine. Box 165.

USE MY MOUTH & ASS

30, masculine, blond, 5'9", 145 lbs, into very tight pants, want hot verbal funk. Not a slave, but close. You need it, you got it. Will drink, lick, smell, work out. I give it too. Use me. No fakes, fats, fems, uglys. Ring me after 9:30 pm, real late is cool. (213) 663-6713. Rigg. Write: Box 145.

LOS ANGELES, SM, Capricorn, 45, 5'11", 175 lbs, 6", raunchy guy digs it dirty, top or bottom. Mutual sucking, fucking, pissing, shitting. No FF or fat. No photo, no answer. Box 143

JOCK STRAPS

Wrestling in oil, athletic gear, sweat turn you on? Hot, 28-year-old, Southern California dude wants to get together with you and show off in a straining jock strap. Will exchange ripe jocks and photos with all. Must really get off on locker room sex. Travel U.S., mostly New York, West Coast, Germany, Portugal. R.M. Box 1993, Newport Beach, CA 92663.

SAN FRANCISCO, 28, 5'11", 150 lbs, goodlooking, uncut 7", into uncomplicated one-night-stands. Seek similar, prefer uncut, 30-45, turn-on to Asians, Latins, who dig fucking, heavy oral sex, w/s. Can assume either role, depending on partner. No scat, drugs, pain. Box 171.

LAGUNA, S, Aquarius, 36, 6'4", ex-jock, 210 lbs., seeks generous, mature slave who appreciates a heavy-duty, experienced, discreet master. Your scene combined with mine to let you freak out. Advanced or beginners. Tough but safe. Equip. Peter (714) 494-4871.

OROVILLE, M, Cancer, 33, 6', 180, white, 6½", knowledgeable. Needs leather Master for life. I love leather and need kinky scenes, mild S&M, B&D, am into w/s, scat fantasies, humiliation. I must serve my Master in leather and boots. I am considered goodlooking, masculine, and need training. I am open and loose for the right man-Master. Fantasies mixed with a little reality is where I am. Please, Master, I need you bad. Box 81E.

MY SCENE OR YOURS

S&M fantasies realized with attractive, muscular dude into levis, boots, leather, S&M, bondage, w/s. When a body needs a body to learn the how and why. Photo please. Box 115.

LONG BEACH AREA uncuts wanted by blonde/blue-eyed 26-year-old, 51, 5'10", 7" uncut, hot w/m. Dig hot, sweaty man action, any race, used beer, raunchy cocks. Hot cuts under 30 lk. Box 4358, Torrance, CA 90510. Rick (213) 434-6554.

MONTEREY PENINSULA

Hunky 40s, ready to serve. You call the shots by writing: Box 4413, Carmel, CA 93921.

SAMURAI WARRIOR

Anglo dude, young, slender, fair, uncut, goodlooking, has fantasy about dominance by Samurai warrior. Reality would be for an Asian, hopefully Japanese dude, taller than my 5'10", slender to muscular, to stride into my life in ceremonial robes, naked underneath, brandishing a traditional Samurai sword. Would humbly bow and serve. Others with same or similar fantasy encouraged to write, share, explore. Photos? Box 176.

FRAZIER PARK, M, Taurus, 40, 5'11", 155 lbs, white, 7½", novice, hot, handsome, masculine bottom seeks sensitive, masculine, hunky old hand heavy into ass play. Should have expertise with respect to limits. No fems, fats, pain for its own sake. Box 865.

NAKED SPANKINGS IN L.A.

True novice M, 23, 5'9", 140 lbs, 6" cut, beard, wants the paddle, etc. from clean guys about same age. Make me squirm and serve. No FF, blood. Send details, Smith, Box 7306, Van Nuys, CA 91409.

MATURE, MASCULINE W/M, 47, 6'3", 225, virile, healthy, experienced, wants contact with men near my size. 30+ only. CB's, bikers, cowboys reply to: R.K., Box 905, Oakview, CA 93022.

S, w/m, 28, 6', 165 lbs., tanned and very handsome, 7½", seeks 30-plus senior slaves with oversized worked-on nipples, to worship and serve my cock and ass, drink piss, massage my body. Candidates will have services of junior slave to prepare them to serve me and tongue clean us both afterwards. Recent full-front photo required with letter detailing qualifications. Box 138.

SAN FRANCISCO, SM, 29, 5'7", 130 lbs, 7" cut, handsome, masculine, completely uninhibited, raunchy dude can wield a whip as well as take it. Exhibitionist enjoys bizarre without hangups, expects same. Not into FF, clean freaks, dishonest types. Digs w/s, B&D, S&M. Box 162.

SAN FRANCISCO, M, 31, 5'8", 135 lbs, 8" cut, Novice with intelligence, adaptability, perception, into a variety of scenes looking for partners, white, to 40, taller than myself, who are equipped with enough fantasy toys to make role playing enjoyable and exciting. No drugs, heavy drinking, heavy pain, scat, or inexperience. Box 163.

CONNECTICUT

MYSTIC, S, Aries, 50s, 5'10", 175 lbs, white, 8", old hand. Experienced top man will train sexually uninhibited, honest partner to 50. No drugs, phonies, dullards, fats, fems. Box 329.

PERRIER LOVER

New Haven, w/m, 28, 5'11", 135 lbs, cut, seeks slave, 21-45, into w/s. My hose is ready to burst. Box 178.

STAMFORD AREA

Would like to meet guys for sex and friends in the nearby area. Must have your own place. Call Anthony (203) 325-2364.

GREENWICH, S, 5'11", 160 lbs, Cancer, leather master seeks masculine slaves who need B/D, S&M, W/S, and tit work. Heavy leather scene but respect limits. Macho sex partners must know how to serve in Gr and Fr fraction. Box 51E.

BOX SERVICE AVAILABLE FOR YOUR CLASSIFIED AD

YOUNG BLONDE

Guy likes to get it in tight butt hole. If you are 8 inches or more and dig Fr., I am your guy. Photo if possible, gets mine. Box 701A.

GREENWICH. S. Cancer. 45. 5'11". 160. White, 6". Heavy leather scene. Has fine leather toys, seeks macho partner who knows how to serve. No phonies, fats, fems. Box 051E.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

WASHINGTON, DC AREA. M. 38, 5'11". 170. White, 6". Handsome, masculine, muscular, lean. Run. Work-out. Interested similar type S, 25-45. Box DCS101.

WASHINGTON. SM. Sagittarius. 33. 5'7". 130. White, 10". Knowledgeable. Very interested in a variety of sexual experiences and willing to try them with mature, uninhibited partner, 45 to 50 preferred. No fms, fats, long hair, body odor. Box 084D.

WASHINGTON slave, Sagittarius, 54, 5'6½", 168 lbs., white, 6". Relishes being subservient to decent, good-looking Master who is sincere and has a sense of humor. Prefer cut, under 36, no beard, red heads, hairy bodies. Box 227S.

FLORIDA

DADE COUNTY, FLORIDA
Clean, sexy, very attractive GW, masculine, 29, wants to explore biness through young white couple(s) /group. Prefer F (18-28), M (21-38), firm body, together heads, attractive, professional, discreet, friendly, fun. No drugs, smokers, BO, bad teeth, etc. Nice, modern perverts only. Will exchange returnable photos with serious prospects. Box 1122, Hialeah, FL 33011.

TOUGH HUNK MEN
sought to get down and worship this goodlooking blonde/blue-eyed Narcissist, 39, 5'10", 160, muscles; into heavy piss games, muscle licking, mirrors, fantasy, enemas. Want studs only or masculine slaves. Miami area. Box 47.

MIAMI UNIFORM STUDS
SM, Taurus, 25, 6', 165 lbs., white, 6", masculine, muscular stud seeks boot and uniform buddies into police and military scenes. Butch studs only with boot, uniform fetish need apply. Real motorcycle cops and military men a plus. Discretion assured. Uniformed photo and phone. Box 201FLW.

HANDSOME & DOMINANT
Muscular male, white, Libra, extremely safe and sane, turns on with light-medium S&M, B&D with the right submissive w/m, 18-25. Box 22671, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33335.

HEAVY HAIRY MEN
When in South Florida call (305) 324-5754 for a good slave. Men over 25, hairy, muscular, macho only need call.

COCOA BEACH. S. Capricorn. 59. 5'6". 155. White. Knowledgeable. Open-minded, willing to please. Box 360.

JACKSONVILLE. M. 39, 6'. 160 lbs., 7½", white, seeks masculine dude, 25-50, for kinky scenes, j/o, piss, scat fantasies, dirty talk, enemas, tit work, in and out of levis, jocks. Photo and frank letter for reply. Box 405C.

CLASSIFIED ADS GET RESULTS!
LOW RATES AND EASY FORMS

HIALEAH. SM. Pisces. 32, 5'8". 165, white, 6". Knowledgeable. Experienced in both roles to go as far as partner's experience permits. Partner should be well-built, over 28, not in Miami or Ft. Lauderdale. No fms, fats, long hairs. Box 009.

LAKE WORTH. SM. Pisces. 36, 6'1". 175. White, 8". Old hand. Can endure much in either role and wants no-nonsense partner who knows what he is doing. Into heavy S&M, regular sex. No fms, amateurs. Box 1251.

ST. PETERSBURG. S. Virgo. 28, 6'4". 170, white, 6½", intelligent professional wants younger partner into rough sex. Dominates with affection. Seeks mutual satisfaction. Must act masculine, be lean, handsome. Relationship possible for sensitive person. Box 179.

NORTH PALM BEACH. M. 26, 6'5". 195 lbs., 7", white, seeks dominant master to keep me in line. Discreet and masculine. I will serve willingly. S&M, B&D, w/s, boots, humiliation, all ok. Please, Sir, I need a good spanking. Box 142.

M, 5'10", 155 lbs., 50, 8" cut, tight but well-used ass, seeks 25-50 hairy, macho, funky, rugged man under 200 lbs., into levis, leather, uniforms, funky sex, w/s, sweat, being pleased by a man who can please. No skinnies or pretty boys. Box 59.

FT. LAUDERDALE male really turned on by Movie Mayhem series wants to meet or correspond with persons similarly turned on. Box 97.

GEORGIA

BODYBUILDER
seeks firm-bodied, macho males for correspondence, photo and cum-filled bikini exchange. I am turned on to all kinks with firm, macho males. Mike, Box 658, Stone Mountain, GA 30086.

IDAHO

BOISE. SM. 44, 6', 158, uncut 7". Into spread eagle, suspension submission seeks tops or bottoms with lite or no body hair, slim, interested in B&D. No fats, scat, hairy. Box 052F8.

TRAVELING DOMINANT
S, 36, 5'11", 200 lbs., husky, 7" cut, looking for willing bottoms or intelligent tops (can switch for trustworthy master). Into toys, groups, bondage, am always horny. No fats, fms, w/s, drugs, or heavy pain. Interested in possible vacation/ski buddies. Box 18.

ILLINOIS

CHICAGO. M. 26, 5'11", 165 lbs., 6½", novice seeks intro to B&D, w/s, light S&M, Gr., Fr., w/aroma, 25-35. Gregg Yarbrough, 1625 W. Estes, Chicago, IL 60626.

SLAVE
White male slave, 26, needs experienced master, 30-50, heavy prolonged bondage, rope, leather, gags, masks, mummification, w/s, servitude, spanking, heavy mental trip to develop training in Chicago Area. Box 114.

W/M SEEKS LONGJOHN/unionsuit guys into B&D, humiliation, in boys underwear. Jay H., 450 Briar No. 8K, Chicago, IL 60657.

CHICAGO MASTER

Out-of-stater comes to Chicago occasionally looking for slim slaves over 18 into bondage, discipline, shaving, w/s, FF and S&M. Am 6'2", 8½" uncut, respect limits, imaginative, dominant, experienced. Replies should include phone number for get-together when I am in Chicago and available to work you over. Box 308B.

WANTED: SALVE

No week-end, or overnights. For life of obedience and servitude. Age important. Into all scenes except scat. Call collect (312) 743-4505, giving operator your name as slavey, or write Box 665F.

DO YOU WANT TO BE OWNED?
Then I may want you for my personal slave. Send name, address, photo & details, or call Mark (312) 642-0902. You will serve, travel, and lead a luxurious lifestyle with me. Box 5788, Chicago, IL 60680.

CHICAGO. Aries, 29, 6'1", 200 lbs., muscular S, dominant and knowledgeable, 7" cut. Handsome bodybuilder knows how to give orders, knows how to get service, and knows how to punish failure. Potential slave should be submissive, 21-35, obedient, and know his place. No fats. Box 181P.

PASSIVE W/M, 47, 5'7", 150 lbs., seeks RIGHT male to service (no master, just buddy). Am into horses, saddles, chaps, boots, trooper uniforms, jock straps. You need not have all interests, 50% or better, please write. I seek beer drinking, cigar smoking, foul mouthed dude 45 or older into getting rimmed, spitting & pissing, farting, shitting, pukeing, and spanking. If you are a bodybuilder, any age, and desire to be watched and admired by non-athletic guy, write John, Box A3200, Chicago, IL 60690.

CHICAGO, Scorpio, 32, 5'10", 140 lbs., 7½" uncut, white, completely inexperienced. Willing to try anything with the right person. Has intense desire to orally serve beer drinker heavily into w/s who wants a man-to-man relationship with warm, affectionate partner. Should be well built with body hair. Box 160.

BORN TO SERVE

Need to worship big, muscular body, know how to do so with experience and submission. Am attractive, 23, 5'8", 155, slender but muscular build. Prefer someone in their 30s, tall, at least 6', well endowed, muscular, ruggedly goodlooking, hairy chested if possible. While I am always extremely willing, he should respect limits, and not regard a show of affection as a sign of weakness. Box 58.

CHICAGO AREA
22, 5'10", 180 lbs., straight acting, appearing, shy novice needs gradual but firm training in bondage and submission from dominant, level-headed discreet top to 40. No scat, shaving. Photo appreciated. Write: Box 156.

CHICAGO, M, 6'3", 175 lbs., 23, 8" cut, semi-muscular, goodlooking, brown hair/eyes, seeks muscular, short haired, white Masters over 6', over 8" in leather, levis. Can serve the master who knows how to demand service and obedience. Should be butch, have strong sex drive and exercise authority. Box 309B.

CENTRAL ILLINOIS, w/m, 29, 5'10", 155 lbs., bearded, Honda 750 owner seeks dominant biker or other strong, masculine types with love of leather, levis, boots. Light S&M, w/s possible. No drugs, non-smoker preferred. Box 405A.

Chicago, M. 23, 6'3", 180 lbs., 8" cut, athletic, lean, muscular, handsome, into B&D, S&M, levis, leather, heavy Gr and Fr action, needs rugged Master who wants me spread-eagle so he can use me any way he wants. Expand my limits. Box 309B.

CHICAGO, W/M, 33, 6', 155 lbs., looking for action, especially fucking and bondage. Send photo and phone to: Box 113.

CHICAGO. SM, Aries, 26, 5'6", 147 lbs., white, 6", butch bodybuilder, 40" chest, 14½" arms, hairy chest, tattoo; new to S&M, into levis, boots, wrestling, seeks muscular, butch studs into leather, levis, cigars, wrestling. Am aggressive, tend to dominate and attracted to same. Will switch roles if you're man enough to get me on bottom. Send photo & phone to: Jim, Box T-24, 323 S. Franklin Blvd., No. 804, Chicago, IL 60606.

ALTON. S. Capricorn, 35, 6', 170 lbs., white, knowledgeable, versatile, muscular, hunky stud seeks partner to 35. Should be clean-cut, no fats. Box 159M.

CHICAGO, M, 6'3", 175 lbs., 23, 8" cut, semi-muscular, goodlooking, brown hair/eyes, seeks muscular, short haired, white Masters over 6', over 8" in leather, levis. Can serve the master who knows how to demand service and obedience. Should be butch, have strong sex drive and exercise authority. Box 309B.

CHICAGO, Aries, 29, 6'1", 200 lbs., muscular S, dominant and knowledgeable, 7" cut. Handsome bodybuilder knows how to give orders, knows how to get service, and knows how to punish failure. Potential slave should be submissive, 21-35, obedient, and know his place. No fats. Box 181P.

CHICAGO. M. Aries, 29, 5'10", 175 lbs., white, 7" knowledgeable. Enthusiastic and willing to try almost everything with levelheaded partner in good physical condition. No fats, fms. Box 186Z.

EVANSTON. S. Scorpio, 46, 5'11", 175 lbs., white, 6" knowledgeable. Turned on by high, heavy boots and wants slave with same strong interest for mutually booted sessions. Respect limits, no fats, fms, hard drugs. Box 17R25.

SLAVE OR MASTER?
Chicago, Virgo, 30, 5'10", 160 lbs., blue eyes, hairy chest, give/take fucking, bondage, light S&M. Clean cut seeks same for one week mad, passionate love affair. No fms, fats, drugs. Send photo and phone. Box 281B.

McHENRY. M. 25, 5'8", 155, 7". Seeks muscular, rugged, masculine Master who will expect obedience and reward worship. I know I was born to serve. Box 058.

CHICAGO, w/m, 36, 6'3", 220 lbs., uncut, short goatee, levis and boots. I like to french and lick husky, bearded, clean studs, 25-45. Must be very masculine. Big, soft belly a plus. Open to other scenes if not too kinky. No skinnies or young. Absolute discretion assured. Photo and phone. Box 144.

INDIANA
INDIANAPOLIS. S. Libra, 35, 6', 150, white, 7", old hand. Very demanding but considerate Master, heavy into S&M, bondage, humili-

tion with mature, dependable true slave to 45. No chickens, beginners or those unable to follow complete domination. Box 132F.

IOWA

EASTERN IOWA, Novice M, w/m, 29, 5'7", 130 lbs., would like to meet and serve leather & Levi masters in area. Nice build, into taking care of all master's sexual needs, w/s, B/D, scat, S&M; if limits respected. Box 89.

KANSAS

HAYS, M, Aries, 33, 6'5", 200, white, 7", good body, hairy, bearded, boot and leather lover, knowledgeable, seeks big, hairy master, 25-45, into leather, levis, w/s, B&D, jocks and boots. No heavy S&M, FF, or fems. Bikers, policemen, truckers, travelers on 170 Hwy welcome. Box 375K.

TULSA-KANSAS CITY
Goodlooking, Levi, white bottom-man moving to area in Fall. Seeks white topman, secure in who he is. Prefer uncut, trim, freewheeling. Box 376T.

KENTUCKY

BEST MATCH WITH BI
SM, 46, 160 lbs, 5'10", 6" cut, seeks slender, young, bisexual partners with average endowment or more. Experienced as top or bottom. Box 960KY.

BEST BET BI
46 year old w/m, topman, bi, has 18 year old mostly straight roommate, also topman, both very strict, streetwise. Have openings for slaves. No experience necessary. No fats or fems. Box 960.

LOUISIANA

NEW ORLEANS, S, Virgo, 30, 5'9", 150 lbs, white, needs Master who is patient and willing to teach novice. Enjoy leather, tit action. Write. Must be discreet. Send name and phone number, photo if possible. Box 666B.

NEW ORLEANS, White, 22, 6'1", 150 lbs, student, total novice needs master for training. Responsible, masculine men, please. 6207 Perrier, N.O., LA 70118.

HARVEY, SM, Leo, 42, 6', 215 lbs, white, 7", novice. Firm but gentle, understanding of partner's likes/dislikes. Seeks similar into role-switching. No fems, drunks. Box 130Z.

NEW ORELANS, w/m, 30, 5'9", 145, 6", novice, eager to learn from muscular, honest, clean, hung, gentle-yet-firm partner. Box 701B.

BATON ROUGE, S, Leo, 28, 5'10", 170 lbs, white, 8", knowledgeable. Good top man enjoys satisfying slave's real desires. Must be at least 8", masculine. Box 47W.

LAFAYETTE, couple: Aries, 28, 5'10", 170 lbs, white, 7" and Cancer, 20, 5'6", 135 lbs, white, 9". Group scenes. Clean, discreet, masculine, jocks. What's your scene? Box 101LAR.

MARYLAND

WEEKEND SLAVE
Couple (S: 32, 160 lbs., 5'11" and

M: 32, 150 lbs., 6') need services of a weekend slave into w/s, lite B&D, S&M. Applications accepted, photos a must. Box 147.

MASSACHUSETTS

BOSTON, S, Aries, 42, 5'10", 150 lbs, white, 6", knowledgeable. Seeks partner over 18 for strict discipline and prolonged bondage. Same size or smaller, smooth body. Must submit to pubic shaving and being owned. WASPS welcomed; discretion assured, long-term relationship possible. Box 253.

BOSTON, Virgo, bottom, 30, 6'2", uncut 8", needs hunky white master for B&D, light S&M, submission. I'm a novice but can spot a bullshitter across the room. Photo gets reply. Box 149.

BOSTON, 2 guys, 30s, S: 5'9", 150 lbs, into leather, rubber, w/s, etc. M: 6', 165 lbs, into rubber infantilism, w/s, and serving beer drinkers. Both masculine, virile, slim and like threesomes with other S who enjoys giving w/s and receiving head. Box 101MAP.

MICHIGAN

TAYLOR, MS, Capricorn, 24, 5'10", 165, white, 6%", Novice. Eager to learn from and submit to the right S. Will serve Master totally. Box 261.

FARMINGTON, S, Virgo, 33, 5'6", 135, White, 8%", Knowledgeable. Firm Master demands obedient experimental slave. No balds, fats, dominants. Box 052D.

SM - 26, Scorpio, 7", 6'1", 230. Adaptable to many situations. Willing and able to please. Box 101MIM.

Thumb-area professional, interested in all things. Has head together and willing. Discretion and confidence assured. All answered. Box 87.

MINNESOTA

DOMINANT MAN, 40, 5'11", 168 lbs, wants passive man for bondage. Age, race, looks, location doesn't matter. I love big tits and hairless bodies. Muscles and trim a must. No fats, heavy drugs or drunks. Box 169B.

SLAVE
W/M, 30s, eager to meet, serve, fit 18-35 w/m Master. I'll do most anything short of real pain. Possibility of friendship. Especially want to give extended attention to all of your body, including feet, ass, etc. Box 3111, St. Paul, MN 55165.

MISSOURI

KANSAS CITY, M, Virgo, 23, 5'4", 130 lbs, white, 6", honest, good-looking slave needs discipline/affection from dominant Master. Big muscles, big hands, boots. Must be sincere, secure, experienced. Box 667D.

ST. LOUIS/KANSAS CITY
Dominant Master, 6'2", 185 lbs, uncut 8%", seeks receptive slaves when I travel to your area. Am aggressive, experienced, imaginative, respectful of limits. Into S&M, B&D, w/s, shaving, FF, etc. You should be over 18, receptive, white, slender and masculine. You should include your phone number in your reply. Will call when I am nearby and available. Box 308B.

ST. LOUIS, S, Leo, 31, 5'9", 210, White, 6". Knowledgeable. Demands strict obedience; will punish any infraction with pain. Partner must have stamina, youthful appearance, can be to late 40s. Box 245.

YOUNG NOVICE
23, 5'4", 130 lbs, 6" cut, looking for muscular, straight-looking, rugged man to be my Master, buddy, lover. Am clean cut, honest, quiet, intelligent and submissive. No drugs or scat. Should be 30-45, good build, hung and into levis/leather. Turn on to big hands. Box 667D.

NEW JERSEY

GAY
IN NEED OF FRIENDS?
The Egyptian, a private club, offers a relaxed ambience which includes plush surroundings conducive to conversation, as well as a dignified alternative in which men may privately rendezvous. For additional information call (201) 295-4900.

TRULY AN OASIS
LOCATED IN CENTRAL
NEW JERSEY

NORTHERN NEW JERSEY, W/M, 38, 6'2", 185, hairy, knowledgeable, masculine, dominant and aggressive Master; yet quiet, straight acting and appearing seeks slave, 25-35, for permanent live-in relationship. Muscular body a plus. Willing to train novice to my ways. Will respect limits. No hard or ruff stuff. No drugs, fats, fems or phonies. Box 291.

HIGHSTOWN, M, 32, 5'8", 160, 7" cut. Blonde hunk seeks being controlled. Prefer Master in total leather. Seeks butch looking cut dominant that can relate out of the bedroom as well. Box 201NJ.

JERSEY CITY, M, Libra, 34, 6', 163, White, 6%", Novice. Have enjoyed light leather bondage & spanking while spread eagle. Ready for more. Need rugged Master who wants me in that position so he can use me any way he wants & let his friends use me too. I'll serve as third to Master and slave. Can get into Manhattan easily. Box 101NJ.

BELLVILLE, W/M, 5'9", 170 lbs, 24, dirty blonde hair, very muscular guy, wants same w/m's only, between 18-33. I have 16" arms, 44" chest. Usually top man into some leather, S&M, body worship, etc. What's your scene? I am straight looking & acting, construction worker, and am looking for a man like myself. No bullshit. I like sports, cars and motorcycles. I hate discos, opera and the so-called fine arts. I am not a typical guy, so if you are, you can fuck off. If you think we'll hit it off, write: Box 299, Bellville, NJ 07109.

Hot men do hang out in the forests and mountains of Sussex County, Northern NJ. In bad weather, saunas and fireplaces go full steam. In good weather we visit Long Beach Island above Atlantic City. If you enjoy smoke, music, photography, and hot versatile sex with two goodlooking lovers, send photo and letter to: Bob & Pete, 42 Alpine Trail, Sparta, NJ 07871.

Slave turns on to cigar smokers. Am 29, 5'9", 155 lbs, 7". Enjoy men in uniform, boots, rubber and other kinky scenes. Will give special attention to cops, truckers, guards. Expand my limits. All replies answered. Your photo gets mine. Travel East and West Coasts. My pleasure to serve macho men and cigars. D. Schmidt, Box 209, S. Plainfield, NJ 07080.

SOUTH CENTRAL, SM, w/m, 42, 6'1", 154 lbs, 7%", uncut, experienced, seeks same. Can pick up on partners needs and supply them. Should be same age, masculine or muscular, med or well-endowed. No fats, fems, scat, drunks, or younger looking than about 40. Prefer white, no facial hair. Box 15.

NJ/NYC, w/m, 5'11", 182 lbs, 6%", 40, topman experimenting with bottom role. Into jocks, toys, oil, j/o, piercing, enemas, spread eagle bondage, outdoors, jeeps, young tight white bodies. Also correspond with tops and bottoms countrywide. Photos returned and appreciated. Box 21.

TIT TORTURE CORRESPONDENCE CLUB

Guys who are turned on by tit torture exchange experiences, fantasies. Bob Hughes, Box 333, Lyndhurst, NJ 07071.

NEW YORK

GEMINI, 41, 6'3", slender, good body, 6", tattoo; seeks versatile partners. Am novice in both stances. Box 452A.

W/m slave, 35, Capricorn, into heavy, prolonged leather bondage, harnesses, masks, strait-jackets, rubber, bandages, etc. Into enemas. Looking for together guy who is also affectionate. Into total bondage lifestyle. Am 5'10", 155 lbs. Box 107.

LAZY REBEL
Needs boot camp training. Details when properly demanded. Box 12

Scat taker seeks scat giver. Any age, any race. I am white, 47, 6'2", 170 lbs, average goodlooks. Not into S&M or any kind of fixed role-playing. Let's just be friends and have some fun. Beer gut ok, but no fats, please. Box 238, Downstairs, 166 W. 21st St, New York, NY 10011.

NYC MASTER, 31, 5'7", 135 lbs, 6%", cut, goodlooking, seeks dog slave to get down and worship. Must have obedient mouth and hole. No fats, fems. No into heavy S&M. Box 94.

New York M, Sag., needing training. Am 36, 155 lbs, white, 8", uncut, J.M.C., Box 28, Shirlet, NY 11967.

FORESKIN STRETCHING
Cock torture, foreskin chewed. Trim beard, 6', 195 lbs., 49, NYC suburbs. Box 90.

NIPPLE FREAK
Wants to meet/correspond/exchange photos etc. with guys into their tits. Mine are big and always in need of hot workout. Into any kind of tit scene, hot to work over other guys nipples, and dirty talk. Box 20.

MY CABIN IN THE WOODS
or your pad, which ever you prefer. 37, 6'2", 160 lbs, 5%", cut, and new to the leather scene seeks hung, rugged studs who like to be worshipped in their leathers. Flicks, booze, poppers, jocks, dirty talk, and the aroma of leather turns me on. I want to learn about w/s, BD, enemas, fantasies and kinky scenes from big-cocked masters. No fats or fems. Will try most anything once. My tender white ass awaits your pleasure. Will answer all. Box 95.

NYC, 38, 5'10", 160 lbs, white, 7", dark hirsute, mustached, seeks intense asshole sex (FF inclusive) with intelligent, aggressive Orientals, 35 to 45. Dig long scenes from both sides. Reciprocal, adventurous, looking to break ground. No fems, fats, fakes, scat. Box 27.

NEW YORK

GREENWICH VILLAGE. 28, 6'2", 155 lbs., blonde bodybuilder, 10% thick and uncut. Fantastic pecs, super buns, seeks similar or anything hot and dirty from 18-45. Twist my tits, fist my ass, scat my mouth and then piss all over me. Leather, levis, groups, wet and willing. Insatiable and without any limits. Your photo gets mine, plus anything else you may want. Box 118.

NIPPLE AND PEC FREAKS
W/M, 6'3", 37, 51" chest, slab pecs, cone shaped tits that never get enough, wants to meet/hear from heavy chested, big titted guys into long tit workout sessions. Live your nipple fantasy. Chest pic gets mine. Heavy titted torso friend available for threesomes. Box 451B.

NYC/NJ. Libra, 22, 5'10", 150 lbs., 7", seeking a macho leather topman for regular hot sessions. Like B&D, smoke, amyl. Clean. Photo preferred. Box 190.

MASCULINE GERONTOPHILE
Libra, 6'3", 60, slender, will do anything for the masculine male who is turned on my my type. Box 290X.

LEATHERMASTER
Albany, 32, 5'8", 165 lbs., 7", hairy; seeks eager slave with hot mouth and ass. Respect limits. Send letter of submission with photo and phone. Bill C., 163 Jay St., Albany, NY 12210.

Will the bondage Master interviewed by Jack Fritscher in Drummer No. 24 please contact w/m, 35, 5'7", 130 lbs. Think I meet qualifications! Have decent body, good head, am willing to be sensual, am vulnerable and want to try something new. Box 161.

NEW YORK, SM, 41, 6'3", 175 lbs., handsome muscular masculine Irish-English man, novice to S&M, can adapt to either role, 6" cut, seeks manly partners not hung up on acting out fantasy; changeable, adventurous. Should be over 30, taller than 5'10", and not fat. Box 452A.

MANHATTAN
25, 5'9", 140 lbs., very handsome, into boxing and serious contest quality bodybuilding, seeks level-headed guys into same. Want to take boxing lessons from a boxing muscleman. Also seeking a versatile man as a lover to build a stable homelife. Box 154.

HOT W/M TRAVELING TO BOISE,
Memphis, Minneapolis and Cincinnati, 33, 6'1", 175 lbs., what do you want? Need? J.P., 26 Second Ave., ZAF, N.Y., NY 10003.

MANHATTAN, trim guy, 44, 5'7", average equipment, gentle, reliable, clean, intelligent, needs Greek passive for tender times. Age ok, no bad trips. R.H., Box 245, N.Y., NY 10016.

DOMINATING
NYC PHOTOGRAPHER
wants young, clean-cut, good body, jock type to submit to imaginatively posed photo sessions. Pay or photos possible. Send age, photo to: Box 574-R, Downstairs, 166 West 21st St., New York, NY 10011.

HOT NY STUD BOTTOM
W/m, 30, 6", good body and head, seeks together top w/m, 25-45, beard or mustache a plus but not necessary. Into FF, w/s, tit work, some B&D with right top. Aware heads appreciated. Could expand limits over a period of time with right top. Box 148.

NYC UNIFORM MAN, MS, 30, 6', 150 lbs., w/m, 8", hot, moustache, into L/L, uniforms, cycles, boots, seeks tough, well-hung, muscular men who are versatile and can keep it up. Also into fantasies and 3 or more groups with the right people. Reply with photo and phone. Box 687E.

UNIFORM LEATHERMASTER
Trim, 40, requires guy who understands submission and service as virtues and is prepared and anxious to bare his ass and bend his back in my service out of strength, not weakness, in a world that is soft and undisciplined. Box 451T.

SUPER HEAVY S&M
Way out and wild S&M given to hot, young slave by brutal, well-equipped Master. Real m's send photo, age, experience to: Box 12-R, c/o Room 418, 152 West 42nd St., NYC, NY 10036.

HOT SLAVE
Goodlooking, white, 34, 5'11", 160 lbs., needs total domination and discipline by rugged leather master who will make me worship, beg and grovel at his feet. I dig all kinky scenes, B&D, w/s, tit play, shaving, etc. Send photo & phone number to: Al, Box 1116, FDR Station, New York, NY 10022.

SILICONE
Want to hear from men into silicone injections for huge meat. Exchange ideas and photos. Can travel. Box 405F.

SIT ON MY FACE
You big burly guys or short stockys, plant your hunky levi/leather asses on my ass-eating face and let my talented tongue/mouth do the rest. I'm attractive, butch, 49, 185 lbs., 6", and dig servicing rugged guys. The more rugged you are the further I'll go. Manly affection, too. Nipple action, you name it! Pecs, muscles, tattoos, facial/body hair, even bald guys are turn ons. Call (212) 684-3582.

VISUAL J/O
Is visual j/o with hot, handsome, muscular stud your trip? Reply with photo to: Box 43, Midtown Station, New York, NY 10018.

MATURE SCATMAN
wants masculine, unwashed partners, 35-55. Average looks, build. Uninhibited leatherman. Fully experienced in water sports, C&B work, tit work, ass worship, sloopy animal action. Freaky penpals welcome. Trade smelly jockstraps & photos. In Manhattan. Box 281A.

WOODBURY, LONG ISLAND, SM, Taurus, 43, 5'9". 172. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Trustworthy, responsible, intelligent, creative and fully aware of risks and dangers. Wishes to fulfill M fantasies with masculine, discreet, clean, unselfish partner to 48. No fms, fats, freaks, fakes. Box 185R.

NEW YORK, S, Taurus, 44, 6', 170. White. 7". Novice. Seeks dark, hairy slave with large uncut cock. Must be knowledgeable, clean. Box 153P.

VISUAL J/O
Is visual j/o with hot, handsome, muscular stud your trip? Reply with photo to: Box 43, Midtown Station, New York, NY 10018.

FLUSHING, SM, Taurus, 43, 5'8", 180. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Biker into Leather/Levi/masculine scene seeks intelligent, butch partner. Will switch roles for right person. No fms, blacks. Box 052H.

M, 45, 6', digs dirt or any kind of group or single, day, weekend or longer, scatological scenes in dungeon, cage, car repair shop, pig pen, horse or cow stable, or what have you. FF, w/s, S&M, ball action, secure but loose restraints for B&D, tit and balls. Black or white, any age over 21. Like to have pictures taken. Picture furnished. Box 405B.

BUFFALO, W/M, 25, 5'9", 185, 7" uncut, into leather, inexperienced in S&M but interested in pain and giving it. Looking for levi wearer/leather lover, 21-35, into S&M and discretion. Box 404BNY.

MANHATTAN. Mature Black Scorpio seeks mature, white, French active, not-fat slave — my portable glory hole, my personal toilet, my private cunt. Box 451R.

NASSAU COUNTY, SM, Taurus, 45, 5'9", 172, 6" uncut. White. Knowledgeable. Imaginative in either role. Seeks serious, macho leather/levi partner to 48 with reasonable endurance, into S&M, spread eagle bondage, dog discipline. No extremes. Limits respected, expanded. No fms, fats, fakes. Box 185R.

BROOKLYN, M, Aquarius, 33, 6", 170, White. Cherokee Indian, 7", uncut. Knowledgeable. Smooth, body-building, talented, tight ass, slave needs domineering Master to 40 over 6", hairy, hung, into B&D. No role-switching, scat, shaving. Box 122.

ATTENTION RUBBERMEN
Fishermen, sewer men, etc. Hip-booted, gasmasked w/m, 25, 5'7", seeks you for heavy j/o, piss and friendship. Must own and truly love heavy black rubber hipboots, waders, rain gear, even innertubes. Let's hose each other with water or piss, slosh in the rain, or slog through the mud. Call (212) 662-0447.

WANTED: Young gays over 18. I'm goodlooking, Italian, married, 29, 6', 170, hung. Daytime, your place only. Box 154, Westchester Sta., Bronx, NY 10461.

CIGAR SMOKING STUD, bearded, tattoo, 37, 6', 170, 8", into uniforms, leather, boots, w/s, S&M, FF, all far out scenes. Playroom. Want to meet same type. Send photo. Can Travel. Box 451C.

NIPPLE AND PEC FREAKS
W/m, 6'3", 37, 51" chest, slab pecs, cone shaped tits that never get enough, wants to meet/hear from heavy chested, big titted guys into long tit workout sessions. Live your nipple fantasy. Chest pic gets mine. Heavy titted torso friend available for three-somes. Box 451B.

NEW YORK, 45, M, 5'8", blond, dig macho male any age, levi, leather, tattoos, motorcycles. Write: Box 285 Downstairs, 166 West 21 St., New York, NY 10011.

PARIS/NEW YORK
SM, very handsome blond German, 34, 5'9", well-built, masculine in full leather, is moving to NYC and seeks interesting leather studs in NY area; and all over the USA. I'm quite active, but also like to submit, but only to butch studs. Interested in bondage, humiliation, submission and other fantasies. If you are real and down to earth, then you won't be disappointed at all. Enjoy uninhibited, hot leather sessions. Photo and detailed letter, if possible. Box 140.

GYM JOCK
Gym sock jock wants to rent Levi j/o buddy. Send photo. Box 414, 166 W. 21 St., NYC, NY 10011.

FRESH MEADOWS, M, 34, 175, Taurus, White, 6". Uncut. Seek mature, adult, macho male with head together. Levi, leather, construction. I can take orders. Blonde, blue-eyed German seeks anything but drag. Box 052H.

NYC, w/m, 36, 5'8", 150 lbs, eager to worship, obey, serve understanding Master. Please respect and expand my limits. Prefer knowledgeable, well-built w/m to 47. Also, Westchester County and Southern CT, Box 759, 166 West 21st St., N.Y., NY 10011.

NEW YORK, M, Aquarius, 36, 5'7", 130 lbs., 7" cut, goodlooking, clean-cut novice seeks macho, good-looking, dominant partners. Likes verbal abuse, humiliation and w/s from masculine, clean-cut top men, 25-50. No hard S&M or brutality. Tight, hard build and boots a turn on. Box 220K.

ITALIAN NOVICE
Passive beginner is looking for the right man to make me sexually into whatever he wants. Am 38, 5'9", 6½" uncut. You should be over 35, into leather/levi, hung, and looking for the one person to settle down with. Box 665E.

EX-MARINE
Early 40s, making up for lost time. Interested in masculine guys for rough and ready relationship. Dig levi, boots, leather, sweaty jock straps and other athletic gear to ignite fantasies. Box 701F.

NEW YORK, M, Aquarius, 38, 5'8", 145, white, 7", masculine and obedient but needing training and discipline from rugged master over 40 who believes in keeping his slave naked and spread eagle and ready to service him and his buddies. Box 070T.

MATURE SCATMAN
wants masculine, unwashed partners, 35-55. Average looks, build. Uninhibited leatherman. Fully experienced in water sports, C&B work, tit work, ass worship, sloopy animal action. Freaky penpals welcome. Trade smelly jockstraps & photos. In Manhattan. Box 281A.

SIT ON MY FACE
You big burly guys or short stockys, plant your hunky levi/leather asses on my ass-eating face and let my talented tongue/mouth do the rest. I'm attractive, butch, 49, 185 lbs., 6", and dig servicing rugged guys. The more rugged you are the further I'll go. Manly affection, too. Nipple action, you name it! Pecs, muscles, tattoos, facial/body hair, even bald guys are turn ons. Call (212) 684-3582.

OHIO

CLEVELAND, SM, 35, 6', 186 lbs., muscular/husky build, inexperienced but tend towards S role, seeks 26-35, up to 6', white, under 200 lbs., at least 6" for further experimentation. Box 665H.

COLUMBUS, SM, Taurus, 25, 5'9", 183, White, 6½". Novice, satisfaction guaranteed to sincere, straight appearing butch types. No fms, fats, snobs, chicken. Box 365.

SM, 25, 5'9", 150 lbs, 7" cut, is experienced in both roles, have worked out with real pros. Am compassionate and mature during scenes and expect the same. Not interested in uncut, bearded, very hairy, over 30, fat or fms. Mental stability important. Box 300.

PRISONER, 28, blond hair/blue eyes, 5'1", 180 lbs., wants meaningful correspondence. George E. Hakim, No. 141-671, Box 5500, Chillicothe, OH 45601.

CLEVELAND, MS. Aries, 46, 5'10", 155. White, 6½". Novice. French active, Greek passive. Wants to please large, well-built partner to 50. No fats, heavy S&M. Box 017V.

AKRON, MS. Gemini, 43, 6'1", 195. White, 6½". Knowledgeable, into heavy B&D, light S&M. Would switch roles with right partner. No extreme pain, heavy drinkers or drug users, hippies. Box 187L.

MS, 27, 6', 165 lbs., swimmer. Eager to play games, wrestle, to be captured and bound: spread eagle, suspension, total B&D. Box 21192, Cleveland, OH 44121.

CLEVELAND
Boots and Leather Master, trim, 155 lbs., white, 7½", wants oral slave, father-son relationship, full time. Box 99.

OKLAHOMA

TRAVELING MASTER, 32, 6'2", Solid 195, 8". Gets to Baton Rouge, Shreveport, Dallas, Houston, Austin, Albuquerque, Little Rock and Oklahoma City. Seeks willing slave with magic mouth and hot ass. Into sweaty jocks. Box 20772, Oklahoma City, OK 73156.

OK CITY S, 6'2", 32, 195, 8" cut. I give orders and expect obedience or punishment prevails. Looking for over 25, under 6'2" with average endowment; perhaps in jock strap and chaps. Box 101OK.

OREGON

PORTRLAND, 31, 5'5", 165 lbs, dark and hairy, 7", wants to meet hunky truckers, troopers, cowboys, construction workers, body builders into leather, levis, w/s, Fr., tattoos, beards & hair a turn-on. Send photo, address; answer with same. No overly fat, fems, fakes, drugs or blacks. Box 667B.

W/M, 30, 6½", wants to correspond with and meet raunchy studs. Into piss, spit, uniforms, dirty talk, smoke, amyl, jocks, oil, urinals and far out sex. Send photo with dirty letter. Box 309A.

PENNSYLVANIA

PHILADELPHIA, S. Virgo/Scorpio, 42, 5'7", 160. White, 7". Knowledgeable, Italian, stallion, muscular and hairy, experienced to understand limits in all areas. Master seeks masculine, obedient slave to serve his leather, chains and boots. Will train up to 35 in S&M, B&D, W/S, chains, bike and western leather toys. Send letter of submission, with photo and phone. No bullshit. Box 052.

KINGSTON, M, 30, 6'1", 180 lbs., medium build, hairy chest, big balls, 7" cut, novice is absolutely willing to learn to please. Looking for dominant Master who is into leather, is masculine. Box 119.

PHILADELPHIA, M, Cancer, 40, 6'2", 210. White, 7". Intermediate but learning fast. Masculine weight-lifter with 48" chest, 34" waist wants to expand experiences with experienced, clean, masculine S. Box 023.

WILKES BARRE, S. Cancer, 41, 6', 170, white, 12". Old hand, military disciplinarian with rural stockade, 20 years military exp., seeks prisoners from beginners to experienced for penal discipline. Scene is of primary importance. Steel bondage, cells, cages, heavy physical exercise used. Will train beginners. No fems, fats. Box 055.

BOXING INSTRUCTIONS

I'm 27, 6'3", 185 lbs, looking for a guy who is good with his fists and could dig teaching a beginner the ropes. Into both ring and street fighting. Man-to-man workouts, 10-14 oz. gloves, occasional bare-fist bouts. L/L wrestling, weight training cool also. If you're under 30, level-headed, but get into playing rough once in a while, I think we should talk. No pansies or pretenders. VA, MD, PA. Box 10Q1, York, PA 17405.

PHILADELPHIA, M, Libra, 49, 5'10", 140. White, 8". Completely inexperienced. Willing and eager to learn from refined, well-built partner to 50. Box 052F.

PHILADELPHIA, S, Aquarius, 46, 5'9", 165. White, 7". Knowledgeable, masculine S seeks M under 35 into S&M, B&D, W/S, oil, leather, levis, amyl. Send photo and phone number with respectful letter. Box 209.

PITTSBURGH, M, 43, 6', 180 lbs., semi-muscular, 7" uncut, big balls, 8 years in USMC, into discipline; looking for masculine man, under 40, white, in leather or levis, who understands submission and service. Into face and ass fucking. No fats, fems or heavy S&M. Box 83.

RHODE ISLAND

PROVIDENCE, w/m, 30, submissive, novice, desires clean, white male to teach me to serve a loving master. Prefers a dominate who respects limits. No heavy stuff. Willing to learn. Box 164.

SOUTH CAROLINA

SUBMISSIVE w/m, 23, 147 lbs., 5'10", brown hair/eyes, wants to serve white **MASTER**, 30-50, into S&M, B&D, w/s, leather, levis, uniforms and boots. Am Gr passive, Fr active. C.J. Bridwell, Box 1143, Taylors, SC 29687.

TEXAS

PERMANENT SLAVE AVAILABLE M, 24, 5'10", 160 lbs, needs brutal Master to enforce permanent slavery. Torture, brainwashing, piercing, shaving, permanent bondage, w/s, scat; all needed. Sir! I need to be shown my proper place in life, at your feet, worshipping your boots. Photo and letter will get prompt reply. Box 451V.

Sensible, attractive, mid-30's couple open for meetings with singles, couples who swing. No S&M, only attractive, versatile, sincere need respond. Travelers, bi-gay, welcome. Your photo gets ours. Box 36243, Dallas, TX 75235.

DALLAS, Virgo, 35, 5'8", 151 lbs., 7" seeks Black with uncut or blind meat over 7" for water sports. Am masculine, muscular, hunky. Ph-10 requested of you pissing. Will travel. Box 180.

Dallasite desires initiation into S&M and B&D. No heavy scenes. Box 8.

HOUSTON, 29, 5'6", 130 lbs., seeks raunchy action, w/s, scat, animals, sweat, diapers, etc. Travels. Box 77.

FT WORTH, SM, 47, 6'2", 190 lbs., 7" uncut, German Aquarius is looking for either slave or Master. Either should be knowledgeable, clean, not into drugs, interested in motorcycles, uniforms, boots. Not into FF, scat, w/s. Box 059D.

TOTAL & COMPLETE SLAVE White, 5'10", 24, 155 lbs., 7½", needs permanent master, need to be pierced, branded, shaved and turned into a complete and total slave, a piece of property, to be used as a toilet. Box 116.

DALLAS, SM, 31, w/m, 6'2", 165 lbs., attractive, masculine and intelligent, seeks others into S&M, B/D. Send descriptive letter to: Boxholder, Box 36061, Dallas, TX 75235.



BILL WARD

VIRGINIA

RICHMOND, S, Leo, 45, 6'1", 175, white, 8" cut, brown hair/blue eyes. Harley rider, ex-cycle cop into high boots, breeches, cycle cop uniforms, studs into big bikes and studs who ride them, cigars, L/L, truckers, horses, w/s, j/o, light S&M, boot lover. Business necessitates travel entire U.S. Replies with photo and phone get mine. Box 5501, Richmond, VA 23220.

LYNCHBURG, MS, 31, 5'11", 145 lbs., 7" cut, knowledgeable, looking for someone willing to take time in training, 20-35, white, masculine, no fats or dirt. Box 139.

SM (S preferred) 29, 5'6", 142 lbs., muscular, 8" cut, seeks short-haired, clean-cut, muscular M who is masculine and knows how to follow orders. Am demanding, forceful — but know when to pull back, respect limits. While I am attracted to other tops, it takes quite a man to get me to bottom, and then not for very long. Box 294V50.

WASHINGTON

TACOMA, SM, completely inexperienced, 7", uncut, 5'10", 240 lbs. Box 181X.

TACOMA, SM, Capricorn, 37, 6'2½", 190. White, 7". Novice wants to learn both roles from clean, knowledgeable partner. Owns Harley and prefers bike owner. No fems, fats. Box 185G2.

PHOTO EXCHANGE 23, 5'9", 145 lbs, raunch, obscenity. Exchange foul polaroids, etc., with anyone, anywhere. Box 137.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA W/S W/m, 5'4", 135 lbs., 49, seeks younger masculine types into piss scenes. Wet levis, boots, Fr active, one way or mutual. No fats, fems or drugs. Box 105.

WISCONSIN

WATERTOWN, S, Libra, 27, 6', 175. White, 7". Novice. Will satisfy needs of mutually honest, understanding partner, into W/S, B&D, humiliation, public exhibition. No heavy drugs, selfish types. Box 130W.

WISCONSIN READERS, all this is new to you but reading about it has got you hot and hard? Want to learn more about different scenes as well as about yourself? If you are willing to learn and obey, I am willing to instruct. Box 173.

S seeking Japanese college students willing to exchange language lessons for sessions. Box 172.

KENOSHA

Goodlooking varsity soccer playing student wants older, masculine father-type man in my area. My fantasies include long spanking scenes with stimulating Dad in a big leather chair. Prefer lasting relationships. I will answer all replies. Bill H., Box 383, Kenosha, WI 53141.

MANITOWOC, SM, Aquarius, 28, 5'7", 150. White, 7". Novice. Mean, bearded stud seeks available contacts to 24 with nice ass, at least 6". Nobody too involved in gay scene. Box 062K.

MILWAUKEE, MA, Capricorn, 42, 6'4½", 210. White, 6". Knowledgeable. Fifteen years as a slave has taught him to enjoy both sides with intelligent partner 25-60. No fats. Box 294V85.

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POLAND

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**DRUMBEATS CONTINUE
ON PAGE 68**



THE DEER HUNTER

The Deerhunter is the most macho, brutal, sadistic, and purposefully violent movie ever filmed. Delivering way more than *Deliverance* dared, *The Deerhunter* follows three men from their smalltown in the Sixties to the full blowup of their action and torture in Vietnam.

A fully nude Robert DeNiro proves that the setline of his bearded face and topman's cold eye are as big a hardon as his good ass and fair dick. And DeNiro's command-presence face, along with Vilmos Zsigmond's incredible cinematography, is the icon that holds this fragmentation grenade of a movie together.

B

DRUMMER views the Flicks

The Deer Hunter, whose title sounds purposefully reminiscent of James Fenimore Cooper with his macho heroes always moving on to new frontiers, unreels more like a slick TV miniseries than a tight widescreen movie. The small-town sequences are pure Robert Altman. The spectacular Saigon/Vietnam scenes are of the epic quality of David (Zhivago) Lean meeting David O. Selznick for the Burning of Atlanta; in fact, the VA hospital scenes make the railroad hospital scene in *Gone With the Wind* seem like antiseptic child's play.

The acting, the directing, the cinematography are all splendid. The editing is effective but is debalanced by the script that indulges itself in excessively long sequences (the wedding reception) and in unexplained coincidences and in poorly developed characterizations.

Why are these guys friends? Why do they hunt? Why the continual Russian

Roulette? Why is one bullet *pure* and two bullets *pussy*? Why do they keep crossing coincidental paths in Nam? Why is the wedding reception flat-out documentary without either satire or commentary? Why do things fall apart?

Stevie's mother, the SM NAZI Commandant Shirley Stoller in Lina Wertmueller's *Seven Beauties*, directly asks this central question, before her son Stevie's wedding: "Why do things fall apart?" Even her Pennsylvania priest can't answer that one.

The Deer Hunter displays men as men. So fuck the heavy analysis. Get righteously ripped and take each bit for what it is. Brawlers, boozers, bowlers: an array of incredible blue-collar meat.

The Deer Hunter boasts the best cigar-smokers any movie has ever featured as atmosphere actors in the wedding-reception stomp.

The Vietnam torture sequence of

Americans was so devastating to the viewers next to me that I suggested if they couldn't stop disturbing everybody with their puking and puking, if they couldn't handle it, they ought to fuck off and leave. They did. One wonders how they handled the reality of the war itself a mere four years ago.

Pigeons always come home to roost, and the Great Vietnam War Movie Descent is now on us: *The Boys in Company C*; *Go Tell the Spartans*; and the best so far: Nick Nolte, Michael Moriarity, and Tuesday Weld in the ballbreaking *Who'll Stop the Rain?* If Nolte killed you as Tom dying in *Rich Man, Poor Man*, you ain't seen nothing till the final railroad-tracks scene of *Rain*. Yet to come is the highly-touted, long-awaited Francis Ford Coppola's *Apocalypse Now*.

All these movies seem like pieces that fit into the puzzle of whatever that war was and what that war did to us. Its grisly reality telecast live on the small screens of ABC/NBC/CBS was nothing compared to what this breed of new young filmmakers, now a bit distanced in time and space from the battles and the last falling days of Saigon, is careful,



5191-2122

calculated, and conscientious enough to show us. Their widescreen Technicolor violence is purposeful, even in bloody close-up, to the end of exposing once and for all to our smallscreen eyes what our hearts and minds have long known: that this war was the epitome of man's inhumanity to man; that nothing ever has been more American than America's uncalled-for involvement in shit hitting a fan that was never meant to be our concern, and certainly not our trauma.

The Deer Hunter is a long and serious meditation; its factory workers, soldiers, hunters, and mayhem are quite suitable for DRUMMER men. Its three hours is so long, you should take your lunch. And maybe, like the fools next to me, be prepared to lose it. Unlike them, don't leave. While *The Deer Hunter* somehow fails as a whole, its glorious parts make it totally worth your seeing the film the very night it premieres at a theater near or not-so-near you.

Besides, in the powerful, wordless opening of the truck-and-bar-and-billiards sequences, the group of deerhunters absently singing and getting off on the jukebox's period song, "Can't Take My Eyes off of You — I Love You, Baby," is as mesmerizing as their own hypnotized, unexplained involvement in the war itself.

And then there's that last, final, incredible, incomprehensible scene...

You won't be able to take your eyes off *The Deer Hunter*.

— Jack Fritscher



WHEN YOU GONNA END, RED RYDER?

Moving art from one medium to another is always a dangerous thing. Something usually gets lost in the transition. *STAR WARS* as movie-on-television will not be the same as *STAR WARS* as movie-in-theater. The finest poetry about an art object will never really duplicate the original work. An outstanding play does not mean an outstanding film. And so on.

Well, enough of these McLuhanisms. To the meat of this review: pot shots at WHEN YOU COMIN' BACK, RED RYDER.

It's not a bad film; it's just not a good film. Because a story succeeds in one medium is no assurance of success in another. (Remember theory, paragraph one?)

An acclaimed play by Mark Medoff, the adapted-for-celluloid RYDER will not be the most incredible moment of your life as billboard hype would have us believe. RYDER is first a play; second, a film, and the transition from stage to film has been rough riding. Kind of makes you want to get off your horse and leave, the theater, that is.

It's 1968. We're in a small diner in New Mexico. A hippie guntooter is terrorizing a small contingency of diner drop-ins: a disgruntled teenager (Peter Firth); a chubby waitress (Stephanie Faracy); a concert-violinist and her husband/manager (Lee Grant and Hal Linden); a crippled old man (Pat Hingle). Such disaster movie casting, lumped together in this contrived scenario, might have made it on a stage. But film's a different experience and we know the scene is an artificial contrivance, one that just doesn't work.

Too often we're painfully aware that we are watching a play that's been filmed. Theater-acting is different from film acting because film and theater, as media, are different in the way they are created, experienced, and appreciated. Theater acting before a 35mm movie camera produces ludicrous footage. Moreover, theater-acting reminds the audience that just because it might have been a great play is no guarantee that it will be a great film, record, TV series, or even comic book.

Understandably, RYDER's settings do not change considerably. The camera has been given carte blanche to move freely. The result: some very interesting, evocative, and creative camera movement. The problem: sometimes enough is enough is enough.

A fluid camera is not an end in itself. When we are more conscious of what the camera is doing, than what the camera is seeing, then something's wrong. Unfortunately, something's wrong a lot in RYDER.

More pot shots. The film needs 30-45 minutes cut from it. Like his camera movement, director Milton Katselas also doesn't know when to stop. When hippie

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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A. JAY, illustrator/cartoonist . . . creator of "HARRY CHESS", the world's first gay cartoon strip, now appearing in DRUMMER, announces the publication of "RAW MEAT". This limited edition portfolio of six solo drawings is beautifully detailed and printed on 8-1/2 x 11" quality stock. Very suitable for framing. If you are into big guys with big pecs, big nipples, and big equipment — this hot set of drawings is for you! A definite must for collectors, connoisseurs and erotic fantasizers!

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RED RIDER

terrorist, accompanied by a woman (played by Candy Clark), arrive at the U.S.-Mexican border and announces that he is importing two bottles of rum and a good stash of cocaine into the U.S., our hope is that the guard will wave them and their joke onto the next scene, thereby sparing them and us. Instead the film diverges to dwell on the search, with special emphasis given to the doctor's pleasure-investigation up Marjoe's asshole for that stash of cocaine. (Note: if you get off watching doctors stick medical implements up men's asses, then perhaps, you too, wouldn't have cut this scene.)

Marjoe's diatribes against his diner hostages are silly and exaggerated, out of place in film even though they might have worked on stage. Then there's a bedroom scene where we linger much too long while concert violinist and husband work at their "Thrill is Gone" sex life. Cut, cut, cut. Enough is enough.

But enough, too, of these pot shots, even though Ryder deserves them. As an artistic whole, RYDER fails. But that failure is no reason to shun the film entirely. The film has its saving moments, as well as its saving acting. As the chubby waitress from Nowheresville, New Mexico, Stehpanie Faracy is worth the price of admission. She brings subtlety and expression to a role that could have easily been pure stereotype. She is the tragic-comic figure of the film, evoking a smile and a tear at the same time. As the other teenager, Peter Firth, is excellent. The remainder of the cast, including star and former evangelist Marjoe, is usually tolerable, sometimes annoying, and occasionally downright bad.

A few scenes, however, will dwell in your memory and be difficult to remove. For instance: Ryder's mother is getting old. Makeup can no longer salvage her wrinkled skin. In the evenings she cruises the local pickup bar. It's a sad scene: her desperate looks for love, her hopeful anticipation of hooking a handsome man, 10 years younger, and her final success. Here Katselas does some sensitive directing, leaving us with a taste of emptiness and unfulfillment even after she scores a warm body for the evening. Reminds you a bit of your local gay bar.

There's a point in RYDER where hippie Marjoe makes his hostages act out a sick scenario he has devised. This maniac is malignant and cruel and delights in reminding his diner guests about the personal ugliness each has tried to forget in his life. No soft blows.

You would expect the violence of the film to bother you, irritate you, devastate you. It doesn't. Reason: the director is out of pace. The tempo's wrong and he's not moving right. He doesn't know when to start, and certainly never knows when to stop. Moments that begin to look good on the screen collapse into contrivance as he drags them on. You will yawn at what was intended to be violence and possibly pack up and send off a pair of scissors to the director for his next film, if there is one.

— J. Trojanski



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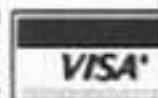
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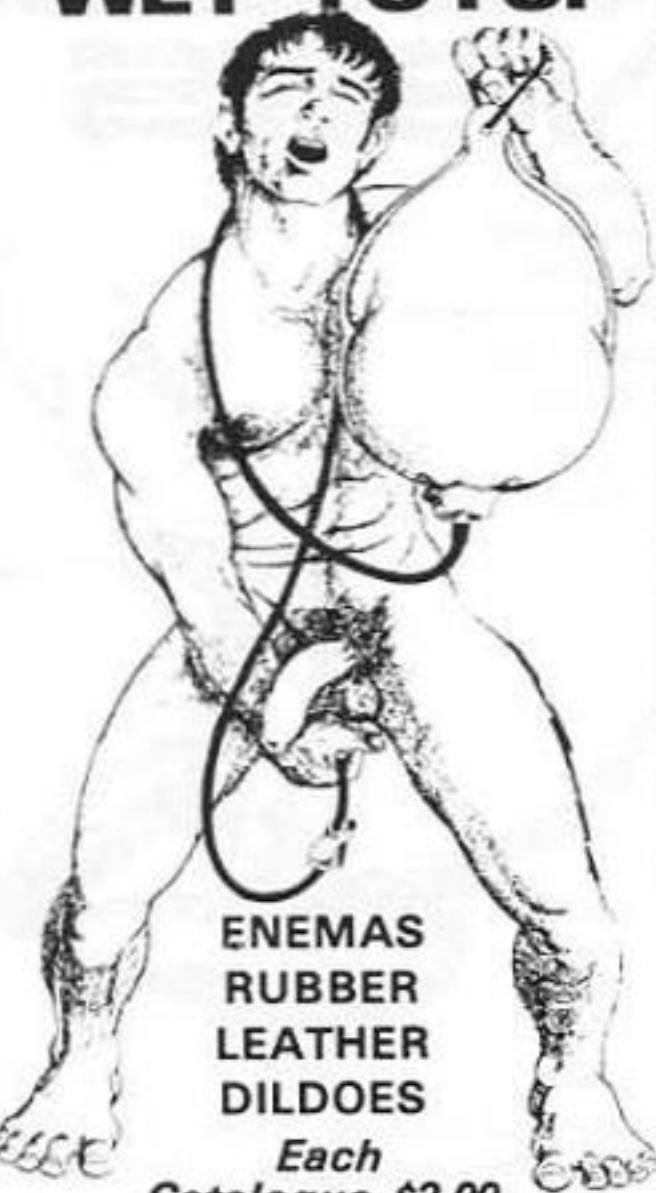
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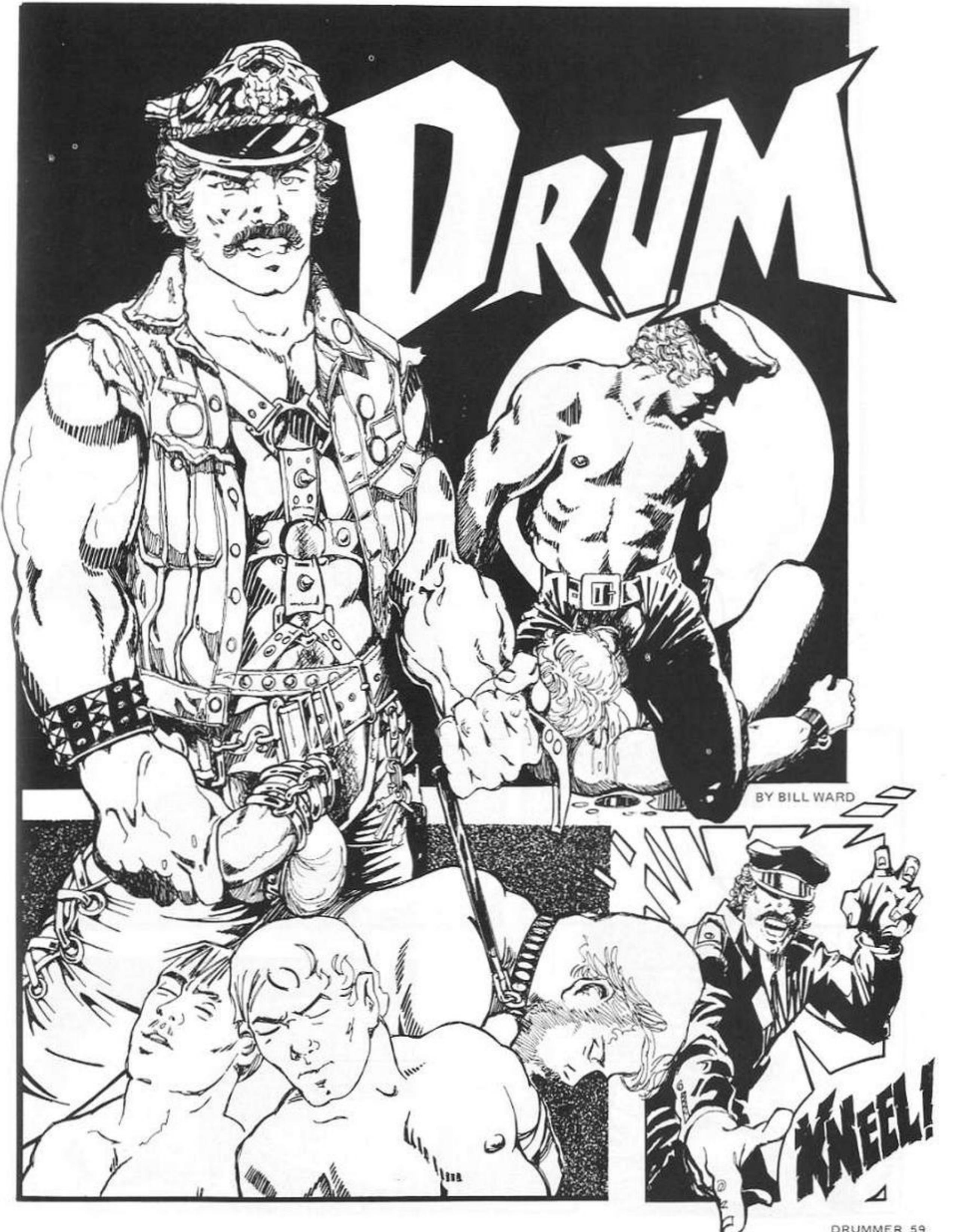
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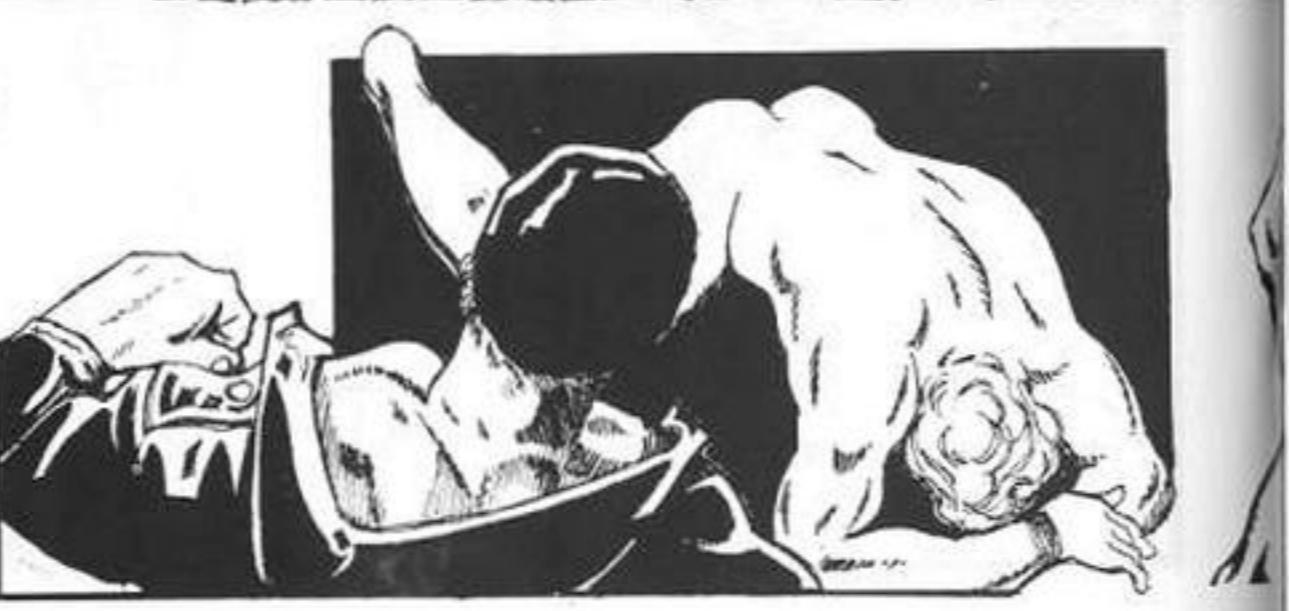
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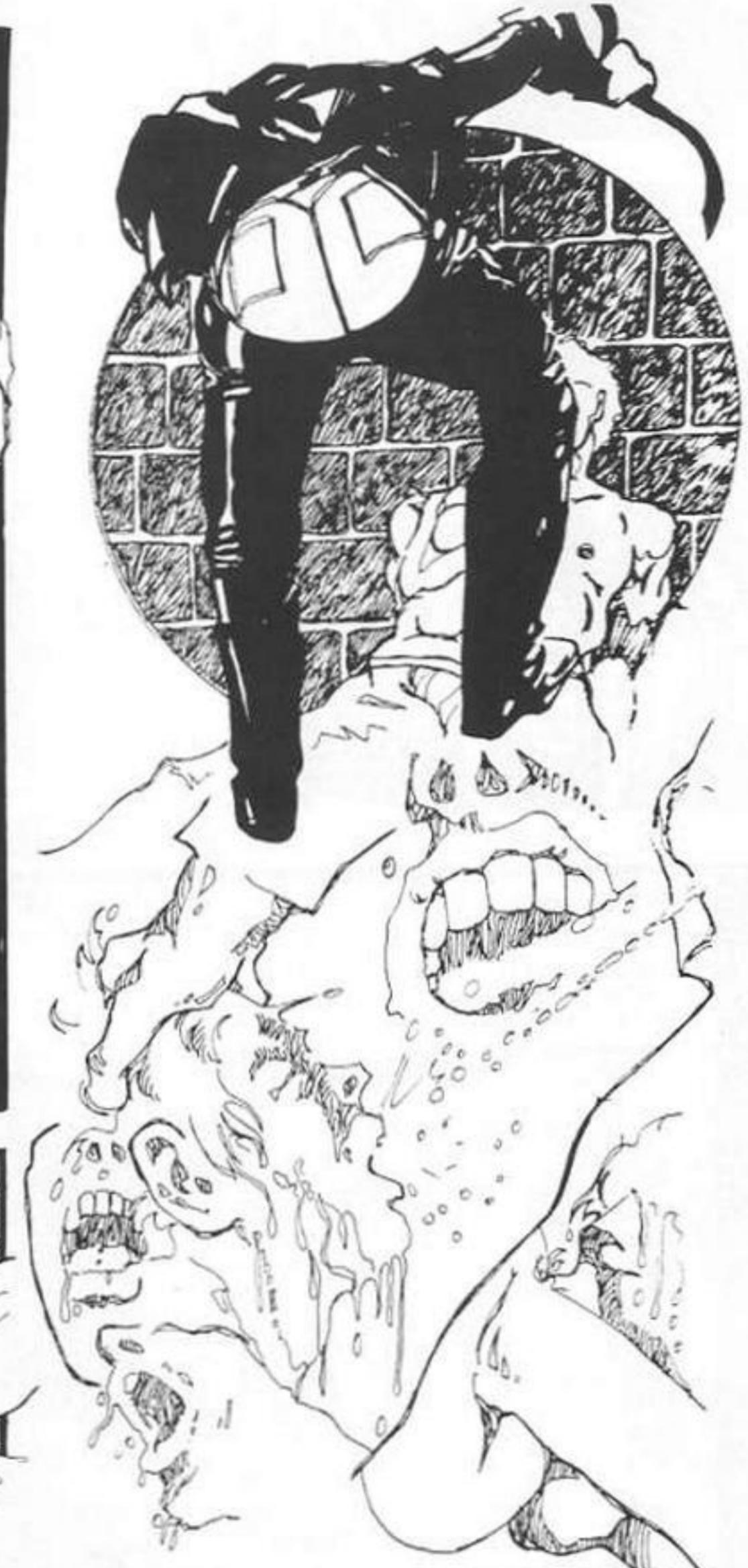
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BY BILL WARD





TOUGH SHIT!



STOP THE CAMERAS!

NEW YORK — Customer complaints have prodded Saks Fifth Avenue into removing part of a sensuous window display for the Fernando Sanchez lingerie line.

The display in question featured a mannequin in red with black leopard spot nightwear and black fishnet stockings. What was termed offensive, however, and promptly removed, was a background film featuring the model the mannequin was sculpted from.

The film showed the model in the Sanchez outfit on a motorcycle with a man dressed in leather. Other shots included those of their feet and knees for the supposed purpose of focusing on cowboy boots.

But the Hell's Angels ultramilitaristic look of the men's clothes, combined with the lean and mean look on the male's face, made some

customers question what Saks was hinting at: Fashion or sado-masochism?

Of course, it was fashion. Designer Sanchez is well known for his sensual lingerie while men's fashions emanating from Paris by the likes of Claude Montana are known for their leathery punk rock roots, according to Robert Benzio, vp-corporate visual director of merchandise presentation at Saks.

"Unfortunately some of our more sedate public found this offensive," noted Mr. Benzio, who added that the display drew tremendous crowds.

Not all who stopped at Saks or called the store, however, were disturbed by the fashion message.

Mr. Benzio, who thought the audio-visual was done tastefully and in keeping with what Mr. Sanchez sells, said that the younger "public and the men loved it."

The film was shot, he said, in slow motion with the female model's hair swinging around. "It was very sensual, not at all hard core. But after talking it over with our president, Robert Suslow, we decided to remove it rather than to distress anyone."

Advertising Age

FUZZY, WAS HEZ

MIAMI — A 33-year-old Miami fireman has been assigned a desk job because he won't part with the thick patch of hair on his chest.

All firemen on active duty are required to undergo a stress test, but Jerry Saslaw refused when he learned his chest would have to be shaved.

Taking the test would have meant parting with eight small circles of hair, so they would not interfere with EKG machine wires connected to the skin.

Saslaw said he had decided to go along with the department rule requiring the stress test, but that was before he met a 27-year-old stewardess who is quite fond of the hair on his chest.

"She told me, 'Your chest really turns me on. I've never dated a man with a hairy chest before,'" Saslaw said.

That was the clincher for the firefighter who has been recommended for a commendation for his "brave and tenacious attack" during a fire aboard a freighter.

"How could I shave my chest after that? I really like her," he said. "I've had hair on my chest since I was 14. I only recently found out that hairy chests were a turn-on to women."

But they are not a turn-on for the Fire Department.

Despite Saslaw's claims that he is in perfect physical shape, runs 20 miles a week, bench presses 300 pounds and can even "catch a speeding bullet in my teeth," Deputy Fire Chief Ed Proli gave the order to transfer him to a desk job.

"We'll miss him, but he cannot be different than 600 other men,"

Proli said. "He's the only man who refused to take the stress test."

Saslaw is expected to present his case to the firemen's union March 1.

— United Press



JERRY SASLAW

I BECAME SUSPICIOUS WHEN I FOUND A KOTEX IN HIS SHAVING KIT

MEMPHIS, TENN. — A teenage girl is suing for annulment of her marriage because her "husband" turned out to be a woman.

The Chancery Court suit filed by the 17-year-old girl last week charges that she was deceived by her 19-year-old "husband" and asks that the marriage be voided.

A Memphis minister who counseled the couple for ten hours before marrying them in an elaborate church ceremony last year said the discovery came as a complete shock.

"I'm a certified sex therapist," said the minister who asked that his name be withheld. "I'm not that easily fooled." But he said the bridegroom — who was "nearly a twin of David Cassidy," a teenage movie idol — looked and acted like a man.

After the wedding, the girl said her "husband" told her that he was deformed because of a football injury and refused to undress in front of her, the minister said.

About four months after the marriage, the girl began having second thoughts when she heard her husband's parents refer to him by a girl's name when she was out of the room, the minister said.

United Press

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KeeRIST! If youse guys are gonna send us your hot pictures for publication, at least include your FACE. Who wants to look at a disconnected cock? DRUMMER is a magazine, not a glory hole.

Also include some pert pertinent info: what you like to do, prefer to have done, or otherwise play with after the lights go down low.

If anything in DRUMMER is out of the closet, certainly it's our TOUGH CUSTOMERS section. IF YA DO IT, BE PROUD OF IT! This is almost the Eighties, doncha know!

So dump your pics or greasy Polaroids and letters into an envelope 'n' send the fuckers to: Tough Customers, c/o Drummer, 1730 Divisadero, San Francisco, CA 94115.

If youse guys wanna get some hot replies from our horny, raunchy readers include your full mailing address. If you're not into raunchy mail 'n' males, indicate that youse DON'T wanna have your address printed.

Editor

ED
NEW JERSEY

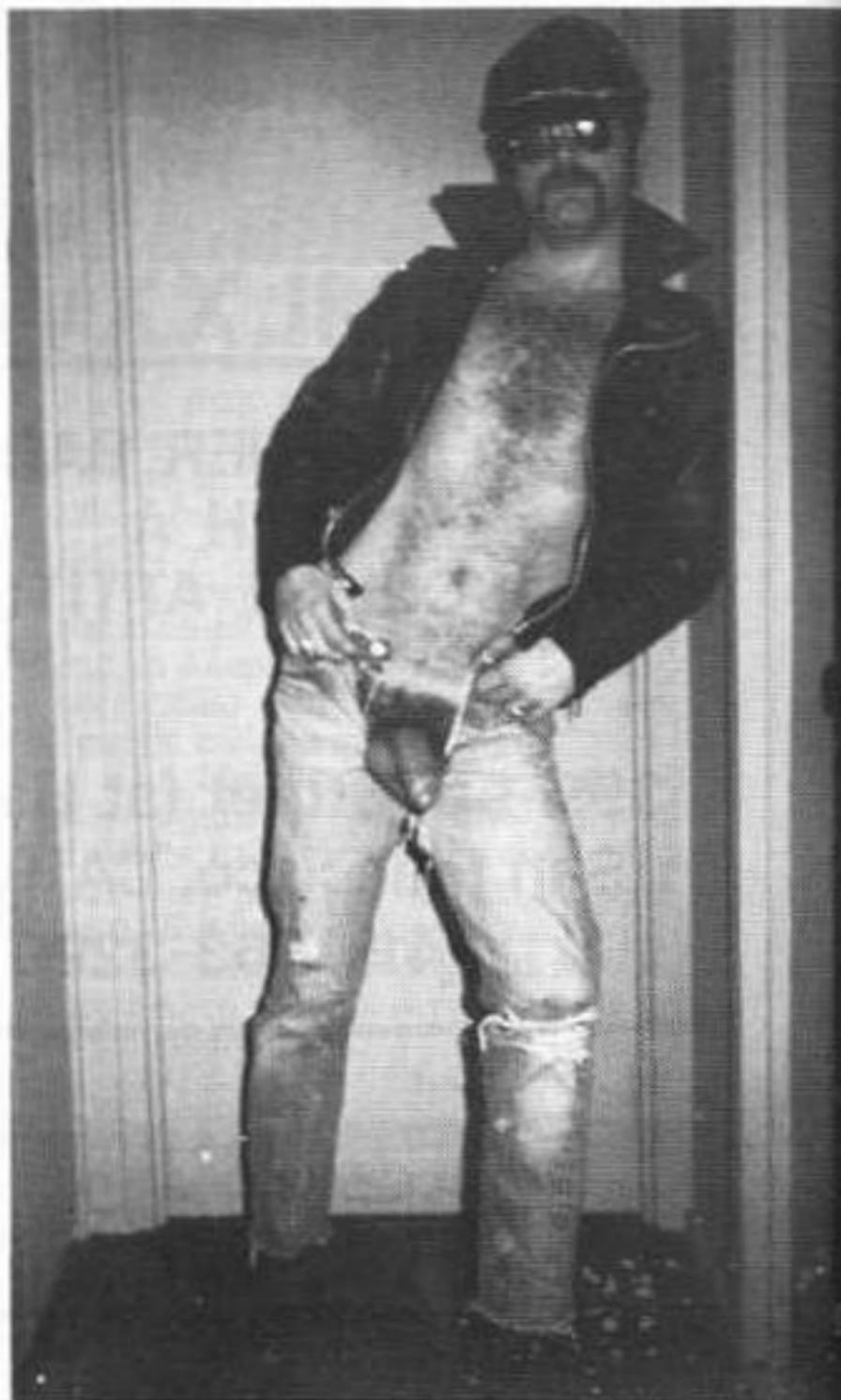
Alright Wise Guys —
Here's a pix of some hunky meat
that should knock your socks off!
Now send me the ten bucks —
'cause I'll be waitin'!

And yeah, this better show up
in that rag of yours!

J.D.

DES PLAINES, ILL

BOSTON RUBBER PHANTOM



Here is the photo and if you want to put a caption you can use HOT HORNY AND HUNG. Also if you want you can use my address if anyone is interested in getting in contact with me. Box 410, 166 West 21st Street, New York, NY 10011.

ARTIE HABER





Above: I'm 30 years old, 5'9½" tall, 150 lbs., light brown hair, green eyes, mustache, 41" chest, 14" arms, 29" waist, bodybuilder and have a nice, straight, rock hard 7" erect cock.

Your jock cover photo on Issue 26 is very hot, even though it was printed backwards. I'm very into jocks, as my photo entry will testify.

MIKE MUNSEY
P.O. BOX 43
MIDTOWN STATION
NYC, NY 10018

◀ Here's my pic. Taken on a motorcycle trip through Maine. Lots of lonely woods up there. Guys can ride bare-assed for miles. My puddy and I fucked, pissed, and rode for three days. Hot time!

CHUCK CONLEY
BOX 195
NORTHAMPTON, MA 01060



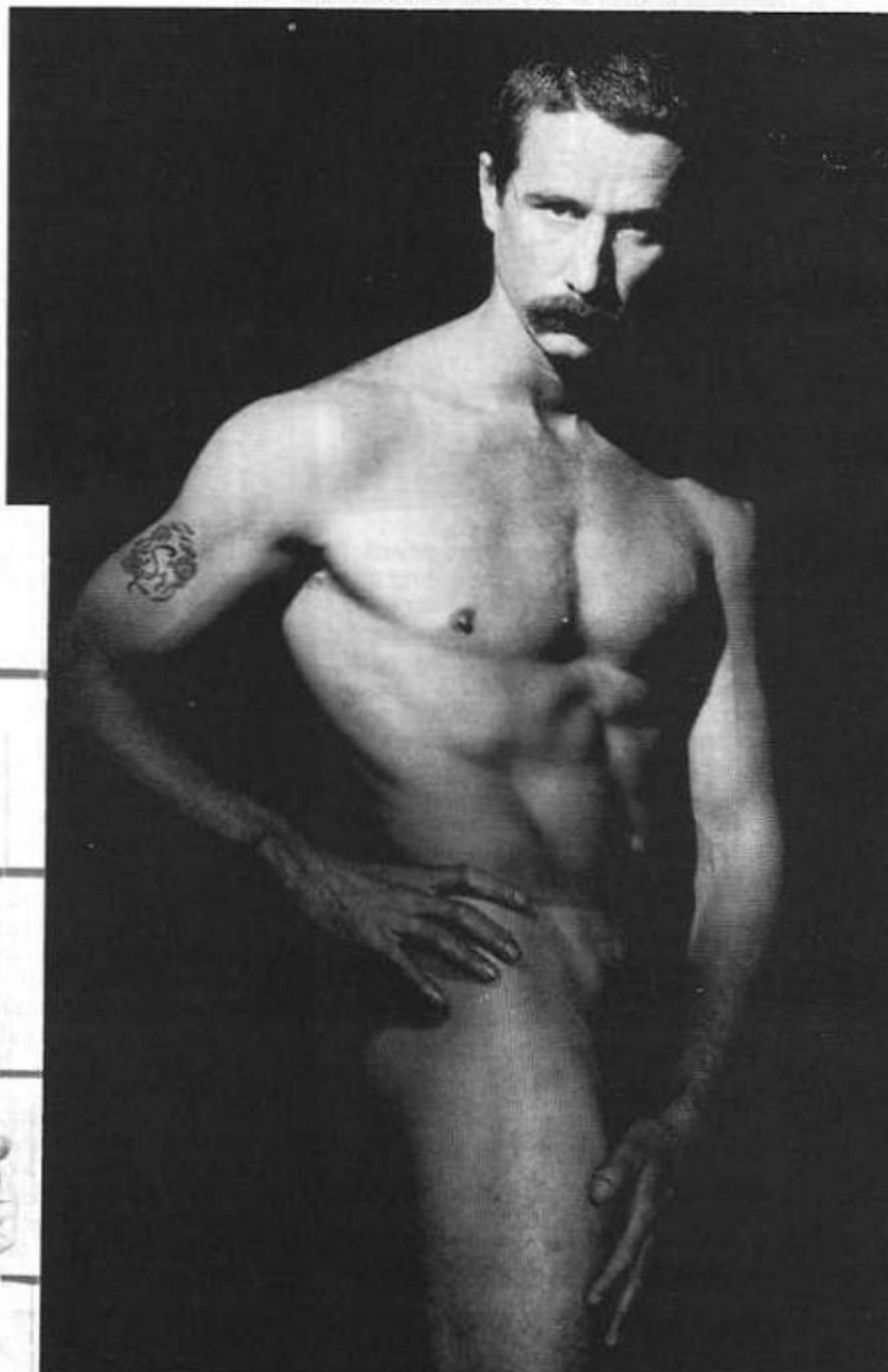
Above: Here is my picture. You may publish it if you wish. I am 30 years old. I am a slave and I would love to meet a master who would take me to the night club, "The Catacombs," when I visit San Francisco.

MICHEL PICARD MONTREAL, CANADA

SF stud, 34, into tight levis and tight ass, uniforms and fantasies, big boots and big balls, pot, porno and poppers, hard hats and hard pecs, the macho and the muscular, jocks and sweat sox, falcons, stallions and spread-eagles:

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MORE LETTERS

Continued from page 7

HOWTHEFUCKAREYOUTODAY?

First of all, many thanks for your Xmas card. Nice, indeed. Enclosed find cheque for year's subscription of your fantastic Drummer and Alternate.

Trust everything is exciting as always in the Gay Capital of the World, San Francisco — Wish we lived closer.

Stay happy, healthy and horny. Happy Valentine's Day.

LUVPEASEX

Matthew and Buddy of
quiet/dull Glendale

HUNTER

I became aware of my cock, and what its use was at an early age. Since then I have fantasized about my domination by a great and powerful master. Before I had read anything on the subject, I would put myself to sleep, dreaming that my worthless self was able to serve a master in every way. I dreamt of my total submission to my master. I would beg my master to allow me to lick and suck his boots, to drink his piss, to have my worthless ass whipped and beaten, I dreamt of the painful and cruel tortures my master would inflict on me.

My fantasy world varied each night. One night I would be slave to a great Egyptian King. Among my duties were to service his staff of 100 body guards, daily; I was the worthless toilet for my king. At other times I would be slave to a Roman Legion, or a football team, a Marine barracks. Each time my diet would consist of cum washed down with hot piss, and a side dish of steaming shit. My masters beat and mistreated me. I was no more than a worthless piece of shit to my masters, many times I was beaten and whipped and tortured until I was no longer of value as a slave, then I would be fed to the dogs, or the lions or other slaves.

Each night of my early childhood I fell asleep, dreaming, and with a hard cock. And each morning I woke with a hard cock. In my fantasy world, the worthless slave that I was did not deserve to have any pleasure. As I grew older, I became concerned about my fantasy world. I was not living in reality. I began to forbid myself to think of such thoughts. I was frightened, I was abnormal, I was, in fact a worthless piece of shit. After some time I forgot most of my fantasy world, but my sex life was to be ever more affected.

In the ensuing years, I even refused to admit to myself that I was gay. I once even tried to prove my "masculinity" by fucking a chick. But when the time came I was not only unable to perform, I was unable to get a hard. Since that time I have come to the realization that my feelings and desires were a part of me, and I could not change that.

It was just a short time ago that I came across your wonderful magazine. I can see that my desires are no different than those of others. But your magazine has also created a problem for me. I am reverting to my childhood fantasies, and

I realize now what a worthless piece of shit I really am. Oh, how I long to lick and suck the boots of the superior men in your magazine. But I am a nothing, I am not even worthy to lick the shit from their asses.

I am now twenty-two years old, in my fifth year of college, ready to graduate and join the *real* world. What I truly long for is a master. But physically I could never please a master. I am tall and slim (6'3", 160), and my structure is very boney. I have been trying to work out on weights and run and exercise to get into shape to be worthy of a master. But the more I work the less I seem to be worthy, and I start to dream of the other men in the weight room.

I long to have a strong, yet soft, master. I long to have my virgin ass beat raw, and then have my master's hot cock rip my insides. I long to suck the sweet sweat from my master's ass and feet. My mouth waters at the thought of its first chance to lick and suck my master's cock, of my master shooting his cum deep in my mouth, and then pissing in my face. How I wish, how I dream, how I long to serve my master. But I fear I will never be worthy. I am just a worthless piece of shit, no master would want me.

There are times I consider wasting myself, but I'm too fuckin' worthless to kill myself. But my punishment for my worthlessness is the pent up desires, the blue balls I suffer constantly, the longing, the dreaming all without hope. I will still read your magazine, to be sure I am aware of how worthless I am.

— J.

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I certify that I am over 21 years of age.

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DRUMBEATS CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

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Young butch white bodybuilder, 6', seeks butch, hung Blacks, Latins, very hot Whites. MW, Downstairs, 166 W. 21st St., New York, NY 10011.

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BONDAGE BUDDY

Seeks same for mutual fun. Open to discipline, moderate to heavy S&M, leather/levi sex, piercing and WS. W/m, 39, 6'1", moonchild, knowledgeable. Box 31.

W/m, 26, 5'10", 170 lbs., with hot mouth and ass. To worship, obey, serve masculine, muscular, understanding Master. Box 33.

BUTCH OF CALIFORNIA

Drawings of men in action for men of action. For information, write: Box 410, 166 West 21st Street, New York, NY 10011.

UTICA, NY, White, 44, 5'11", fat 9", new to area, good top man, occasional bottom, mild S&M, very masculine and straight looking, want to meet people in area. Not into bars. Over 40 today if slim. Blacks, Hispanics, humpy whites, truckdrivers travelling through. Have own place. Box 30.

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TRAINING NEEDED

W/m, 33, 5'8", 158 lbs., medium build, 6" cut, novice M seeks understanding Master to bring out ability to serve. Willing, obedient. Not into scat or public humiliation. Hope for tall, white man over 20. Box 80.

SAN JUAN

All dudes interested in W/S, Leather, levis, fucking, rimming, spanking, animals, fantasy, phone: (809) 722-3631. Will be visiting Miami and New York during May '79.

BERLIN, SM, 33, 6'2", white 7" uncut, experienced, tending toward S role, but can switch for right guy. Travels to the USA several times a year. Want to meet/respond with interesting men into leather, levis, uniforms and toys. Also want to meet guys with game rooms in L.A., S.F. areas. Write detailed letter with photos. Age and endowment not important, but no ferns, fats, please. Box 134. (Please include overseas airmail postage with replies to this ad).

WEST GERMANY

Dutch guy, 30, blonde, 6'2", hairy, long legs, coming to the States in April and September, wants to meet and correspond with Black Master. Into licking, sucking, w/s, getting fucked, etc. Box 106. (Include overseas airmail postage with replies to this ad).

PUERTO RICO

SAN JUAN

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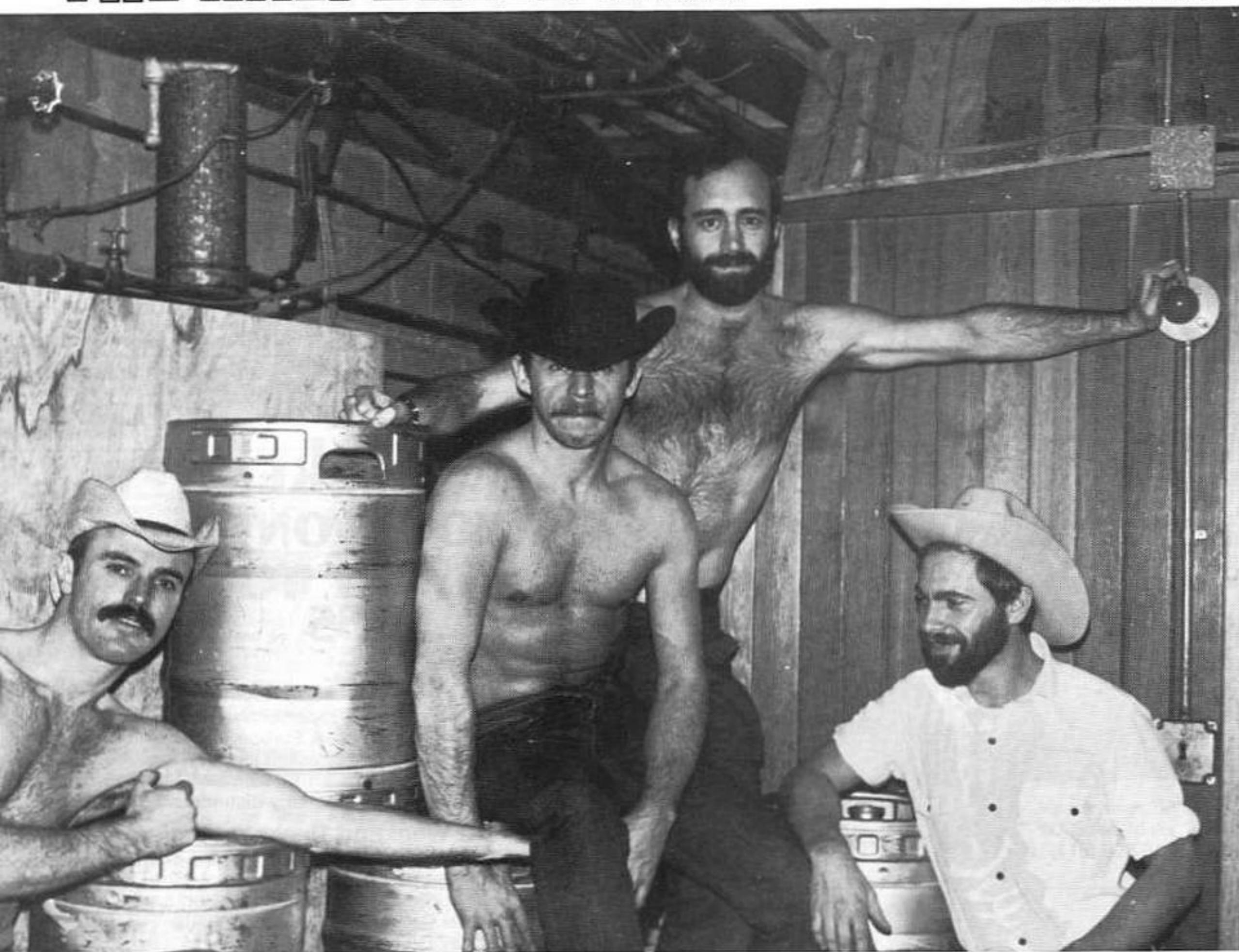
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THE HALF BREED

BY PRESTON

PHOTOS BY J. MCLEOD



The heavy metal shutter clashes down at nine o'clock every night. The noise reverberates through the middle class residential neighborhood where uptown couples sit watching television, oblivious to the crashing sound, not knowing that it tells the rest of the West Side that it's time: Half Breed is happening.

The shutter blocks the views of the well dressed professionals. It keeps them from seeing inside, to the dark and masculine bar. The symbol on the metal, the HB in a circle, lets the traveler from Chelsea, the pilgrim from the East Village, the visitor from out of town know that this is the place. The mark of Half Breed draws them in and keeps them.

And you're here for the first time. Right at nine o'clock. Waiting for Half Breed to start. You suck on the beer, nervous. You're not used to these bars: dark stained wood, men in leather and levis, cans of crisco. You're not sure you should be here; you're not sure if you're ready for a place like this.

But, now, you're watching the first ritual. The one that starts the night off right at nine! You're standing with the others watching the bartender. Every night he comes in, maybe the most beautiful man in the city, you think. You've heard about this; you've heard about his entrance and the men that stand around the bar waiting for him. The beautiful body with ridges of muscle so sharp they take away your breath. The light covering of hair showing out the top of his shirt. The cowboy hat. And you're hooked right off, you walk into the bar and the first time you see him, you fall for it. And you stand there just like the rest of them, watching as he shucks his coat and takes out the ice cream. How can a bartender eating ice cream turn you on? Or the rest of them? The others who stand around every night in a leather/levi bar and watch his tongue come out and slurp up the cold cum-like custard. There's a coating on his tongue as it lashes out and whips the cream up into

his mouth.

The man is gorgeous. His presence is making you sweat. You feel like a fool getting all hot and bothered about a bartender; it's only nine; but you wonder about him. You wonder about the kind of man he really is. What kind of man stands there and shows off his cock and ass that way, every night? What kind of man makes eating ice cream look like a pagan rite? What kind of man — and suddenly you notice it for the first time — the wide belt of leather stretched across his chest, parting the dark black hair of this almost perfect body — and you really do wonder — what kind of man wears leather against his skin? Not just for show, but to feel it tightly wrapped around his own body? What kind of man are you, going to meet at Half Breed?

You look around, trying to keep from getting too obvious about watching him. Your eyes take in the whole place. It's larger than the other gay bars on the

West Side. There's more room; even when it gets crowded, you know you'll be able to walk around and move easily. You're glad for that. Glad you'll be able to maneuver in case they start anything you can't handle. You're worried about that: what they might start. You've heard about the party; the one everyone talked about for weeks afterwards. You heard what happened to that guy. How they brought him up here to Half Breed; him and his black Master; and tied him up on a stage. How they actually did it to him: they took that red-hot iron and touched it right to his naked flesh. What have you gotten yourself into? Coming to a bar that lets people be branded.

But, that's really why you are here, isn't it? Wasn't the story about the Branding Party what finally made you show up; come here looking for a place where you could find a real man? Not some disco fairy; but one who knew what to do with you and your fantasies? Isn't that why you showed up at Half Breed? Isn't that why you're standing here sweating up a storm, trying to avoid the eyes of a bartender who would wrap his body in cold black leather?

You can't help but wonder what it would be like, can you? What would it be like to be bound and gagged in front of all these men, standing around? What would it feel like to have some ebony slavemaster leave a brand on you? You get hard. You try to think of other things.

The bar is deceptive in some ways. It's different than the leather bars downtown: more western and levi; leather, for sure, but more cowboys than anywhere else you've been. Like that bartender with his big, out-sized straw hat perched on top of the leather swathed chest. And, while you certainly do know that there's a sense of danger here; a sense of heavy masculinity that you can't deny, the feeling is friendly in its own way. This place is more like a bar in California than one in New York. People talk more; there are more men here who know one another than they do in the Village places you've been.

But, you're here waiting — for what? You can't deal with a branding iron, you know that, but what are you looking

for in a place like Half-Breed? What is the promise that brings you here?

You're here because of that back room, why don't you admit it? You know all about it. The downstairs backroom that people talk about almost as much as the Branding Party. You've tried them a few times, haven't you? But not in a place like this, not somewhere that flannel shirted men strut around waiting for someone like you.

You try to get your mind off it again. You look around some more. You almost can't believe what a neighborhood number the bar does: parties twice a month; a restaurant open every night. You smile at the idea of people actually eating food here; you know that's not what you're interested in eating, don't you?

Pleasant place. You make a mistake. You relax. Just a neighborhood bar. But you should have known better. You should have known that you can't relax in a place like Half Breed. He catches you off guard. You weren't looking for a stare like that. But there it is. There's the other bartender, bigger, just as muscled, but taller than the first one. The expression has no innocence to cut its hard edge. The stare is no warm welcome. You can actually feel his eyes sizing you up. Seeing your half hard cock filling up your crotch.

His expression doesn't leave your body for a long time. In one flash one man has taken you to the pit of your fantasies and fears like no one has been able to do in months. How did he do that? How did he make you feel like you were owned by him? Not a free soul, but a body enthralled, already, wordlessly, to his passion.

You shouldn't have come here. You're not ready for Half Breed, you think. But, isn't it too late?

You stand around for a long time. You try to focus on other people, but even standing huddled in a corner, even while he opens beers and mixes drinks for all the other customers, that heavy man's eyes keep you in your place. You watch the others going down the stairs and you know the backroom is waiting for you. You want to go down there, but you don't dare. Not with him watching you that way.

And finally, it's time. He comes around to the front of the bar with a beer can in his hand. He's still keeping you in his gaze. Why won't he smile? Why does he keep everything so tense? Then he turns and goes to the back of the bar and follows the sign down the stairway. And you know you're supposed to follow him. You know that's why you came to Half Breed.

And you do. The grip of fear closes in on your stomach. Wondering if you're ready for this place. Wondering what's going to happen. Down the stairs you go. The room is much larger than you would have expected. Cleaner, cooler. There are plenty of men down here, but like upstairs they have space to maneuver in. There are a couple small rooms off the john. You're glad he's not in one of those dark cubby holes — or you think you are.

You go into the largest room, and he's there, with his arms crossed on his chest. There are others walking around, trying to get close to him, but you know he's waiting for you. And it's time. Time to do what you've wanted for years but never had courage to do. Time to go over to this man's man and —

You fall on your knees in front of him. You don't even touch him. You just stay there and wait. Then he undoes the buttons on his fly and takes out his thick meat and leaves it half hard there in front of you. "Suck it." You've been waiting for this. Waiting for this feeling of taking that man's cock in your mouth and sliding your face up and down the shaft. Waiting for those rough hands to come down and open your shirt, pull up your shirt and start tugging on those underused tits of yours. Waiting for some man to start shoving this way, almost making you gag on the size and length. Waiting for those growled orders to take more, to hurry, to swallow, to worship.

And he does it. He shoots that man-load right down your throat, you suck greedily, taking in the salty liquid. He's still tugging on your nipples; they're getting sore now. You don't care, your own prick is pushing out of your pants, you beat it, listening to him tell you what you are, who you are, what you're going to do for him. That's right, boy, slave, asshole, cocksucker, asswipe, all those things and more, toilet, piece of ass . . .

And you're done. Your cum is spread over the floor, and he tells you to be there during his next break. Two more hours. He's not done with you yet. And you're hot. You're so hot you could pass out. But, he's left you there, on your knees in the backroom and gone up the stairs to work. A pair of leather coated legs are coming your way. You're going to get more. Another taste of cock ramming down your throat. And you're going to be there when your man returns in two hours.

You'll be there waiting for him and whatever he has to give you.

Face it, boy, you've got the mark of Half Breed all over you now — they're not going to have to brand you, it's written all over your face.

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Men's Bar/Bath Scene '79

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O.K. guys, here is our revised 1979 listing of saloons, bunks and tubs where you'll uncover DRUMMER men. No need to drop those bucks for those expensive "guides." It's all here!

We have gone to many sources in preparing this comprehensive DRUMMER guide, but most of our info came from you, our faithful readers. So we'd greatly appreciate hearing from you about any openings, closings, changes or moves in your area. Remember, an up-to-date listing only benefits you. Our big goal for 1980 is a DRUMMER WORLD GUIDE ... so send those letters.

ARIZONA PHOENIX

Connection 4211 N. 7th St.
Nu-Towne Saloon 5002 E. Van Buren
Ramrod 395 N. Black Canyon Rd.
Swim & Sea Athletic Club 2922 E. Van Buren
TUCSON

Dale's Graduate 23 W. University Blvd.
Toole Box 347 E. Toole Ave.

CALIFORNIA ALAMEDA

Alameda Steam Baths 1001 Santa Clara Ave.
ARCADIA (off 210 F'way)
Longbranch Saloon 131½ E. Huntington
FRESNO

RED LANTERN 4618 E. Belmont Ave.
GARDEN GROVE
IRON SPUR 11086 Garden Grove Blvd.
SADDLE CLUB 8192 Garden Grove Blvd.
LONG BEACH

MIKE'S CORRAL 2020 Artesian Mr. Cherry
STALLION 5823 No. Atlantic Blvd.
LOS ANGELES/HOLLYWOOD

Academy Restaurant 6236 Santa Monica Blvd.
Basic Plumbing (private club) 725 N. Fairfax
BULLSHOT 739 No. La Brea
Detour 1089 Manzanita Nr. Sunset Jct.
Eagle 7864 Santa Monica Blvd.
8709 Club Baths (private) 8709 W. 3rd St.
Eleven-Seventy Club 1170 No. Western Ave.
FALCON'S LAIR 742 No. Highland
The Hollywood Spa (baths) 1650 Ivar
Hyperion Baths 2114 Hyperion
Manhandler 2692 So. La Cienega
Melrose Baths 7269 Melrose Ave.
Meat Rack 4621 Santa Monica Blvd.
Pure Trash 1903 Hyperion Ave.
ONE WAY 612 No. Hoover
OUT CAST 4219 Santa Monica Blvd.
RUSTY NAIL 7994 Santa Monica Blvd.
The Play Rite 5459 Hollywood Blvd.
Silver Paddle Spa (baths) 4356 Sunset Blvd.
SPIKE BAR 7746 Santa Monica Blvd.
Stud 4216 Melrose Ave.
2006 Bar 2006 N. Figueroa St.
Wranglers 1941 Hyperion

LOS ANGELES / VALLEY

Boots 12319 Ventura Blvd., Studio City
Black Knight 10932 Burbank Blvd.
Drive Shaft 13751 Victory Blvd., N. Hollywood
Glens Turkish Baths 4653 Lankershim Bl., N.H.
Hayloft 11818 Ventura Blvd., Studio City
Mag 12/36 Magnolia Blvd., N. Hollywood
Roman Holiday Baths 11435 Victory Blvd.
The Serpent 8 Club Baths 4109 W. Burbank Bl.
The Signal 10522 Burbank Blvd., N. Hollywood
PALM SPRINGS/CATHEDRAL CITY
C.C. Construction Co. 68-449 Perez Rd.
Dave's Villa Caprice (motel & spa) 67-670 Carey
An Old Friend (motel) 1830 Racquet Club Rd.
Party Room 67-977 Hwy. 111

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Men's Bar/Bath Scene '79

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PALO ALTO

Bachelor Quarters (baths) . 1934 University Av.
Whiskey Gulch Saloon . 1951 E. University Ave.

SACRAMENTO

Corral 1946 Broadway
Male Box 5121 El Camino
Parking Lot (complex) 2804 Auburn Blvd.
Steamworks (baths) 2551 5th St.

SAN BERNARDINO

SKYLARK 917 Inland Center Dr.
SAN DIEGO

BEE JAYS 750 India St.
Fourth Ave. Club (baths) 3955 4th Ave.
THE HOLE 2820 Lytton
The Hut 2581 University Ave.
Shadows 6035 Fairmount Ext.

SAN FRANCISCO

AMBUSH 1351 Harrison St.
ARENA 399 9th at Harrison
Badlands 4121 18th St.
THE BALCONY 2166 Market
THE BLACK & BLUE 8th at Howard
THE BROTHEL HOTEL 1500 Sutter
Brown's (pub & hotel) 1188 Folsom
The Brig 1347 Folsom
BOOT CAMP 1010 Bryant
The Club San Francisco 330 Ritch St.
Cornholes (private club) 1369 Folsom
Dave's Baths 100 Broadway
Dirty Sally's (private) 278 11th St.
Fair Oaks (hotel) Oak at Steiner
FEEBE'S 1501 Folsom
527 Club 527 Bryant
1808 Club (private) 1808 Market
The Galleon 718 14th St.
Glory Hole (private club) 225 6th St.
Hand Ball Express (baths) 975 Harrison
I-Beam (disco) 1748 Haight
Jackeroo 1551 Mission
The Jaguar (private) 4052 18th St.
Liberty Baths 1157 Post
Midnight Sun 506 Castro
Moby Dick 4049 18th St.
Nightshift (private club) 205 6th St.
RAMROD 1255 Folsom
The Slot (baths) 979 Folsom St.
Sutro Bathhouse (bisexual) 1015 Folsom
THE TRENCH (uniform bar) 164 8th St.
21st Street Baths 3244 21st St.
Watering Hole 6th at Folsom

SAN JOSE

Renegades 393 Stockton
641 Club 641 Stockton
Watergarden (baths) 1010 The Alameda

SANTA BARBARA

Track Side 215 State St.

COLORADO

DENVER

Ball Park (baths) 107 So. Broadway
Den 5110 W. Colfax
Fox Hole 2936 Fox, off 20th St.
1942 Club 1942 Broadway
Triangle Lounge 2036 Broadway

CONNECTICUT

NEW MILFORD

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DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Club East II 20 'O' St. S.E.
EAGLE 904 9th St. N.W.
Louie's Spartan Lounge 305 9th St. N.W.
Olympic Baths 1405 H St. N.W.
69th Precinct (baths) 70001 Blair Rd. N.W.

FLORIDA

DAYTONA BEACH

Landmark 615 Main St.

FT. LAUDERDALE

The Everglades Bar 1931 So. Federal Hwy.
Gym Health Club 901 S.W. 27th Ave.
Tacky's 2509 W. Broward Blvd.

JACKSONVILLE

Phoenix 2069 Phoenix at 11th

KEY WEST

Southwind Motel 1321 Simonton St.

MIAMI

Clubhouse (baths) 299 S.W. 8th St.
Double 'R Ranch 1001 N.E. 2nd Ave.
Mineshaft 112 E. Miami Ave.

Pirates Den (baths) 16051 Collins Ave.

ORLANDO

Parliament House (complex)
410 N. Orange Blossom Trail

TAMPA

Kikiki 909 No. Tampa

WEST PALM BEACH

Man's Country Bar 506 25th St.
Town Pump 205 Datura

GEORGIA

ATLANTA

P's 551 Ponce de Leon Ave. NE

HAWAII

HONOLULU / (Downtown)

Question Mark 43 S. Beretania

WAIKIKI

Blowhole 124 Kapahulu
Club Honolulu (baths) 2270 Kuhio

Cocktail Center 435 Atkinson

The Steam Works (baths) 307 Lewers St.

ILLINOIS

CALUMET CITY

MR. B'S CLUB 606 State Line

CHICAGO

Barracks (baths) 506 No. Clark St.
GOLD COAST 501 No. Clark St.

Redoubt 65 W. Illinois

Steamworks Ltd. (baths) 3131 N. Lincoln

Touche' 2825 No. Lincoln

Man's World North (baths) 4740 N. Western Ave.

Steamworks Ltd. (baths) 3131 N. Lincoln

IOWA

DES MOINES

Country Cove 203 - 4th

INDIANA

INDIANAPOLIS

Body Works (baths) 303 N. Senate Ave.

Club Indianapolis Baths 341 N. Capital

KANSAS

WICHITA

Cattlemen's Assoc., Ltd. 1534 Ida

KENTUCKY

LOUISVILLE

Badlands Territory 116 E. Main St.

LOUISIANA

NEW ORLEANS

Camp Baths 512 Gravier

Canal Baths 738 N. Rampart

Corral Bar 901 Bourbon

Golden Lantern 1289 Royal St.

Round Up 819 St. Louis

The Stake Out 940 Conti

Tiger Lounge 940 Burgundy

T.J.'s West 820 N. Rampart

MARYLAND

BALTIMORE

Barracks (baths) 1114 Cathedral

Club East Baths 1105 Cathedral
Gallery 1735 Maryland
Studio (adjoins Gallery) 1735 Maryland

MASSACHUSETTS

BOSTON

Club Boston Baths 4 La Grange
Chaps 25 Huntington Ave.
THE BOSTON EAGLE 88 Queensberry St.
Herbie's Ramrod (upstairs) 12 Carver
Shed 272 Huntington St.

PROVINCETOWN

Atlantic House Hotel Bar Masonic Alley
The Captain and His Ship (Guesthouse)

164 Commercial St.

Ranch Guest House 198 Commercial St.
Sea Drift Inn 80 Bradford St.

SPRINGFIELD

Quarry (below the Pub) 382 Dwight St.

MICHIGAN

DETROIT

Club Detroit Baths 7646 Woodward Ave.
INTERCHANGE 1501 Holden
Stephen's Saloon 17436 Woodward Ave.

MINNESOTA

MINNEAPOLIS

Big Daddy's (baths) 3 N. 7th
Happy Hour 408 Hennepin
Locker Room Health Club 315 1st Ave. N.

MISSOURI

KANSAS CITY

Bunkhouse (baths) 3109 Main St.
Round Up 701 W. 12th

ST. LOUIS

Gateway Saloon (in Bob Martin's Bar complex)
201 S. 20th

Club St. Louis Baths 600 W. Kingshighway
Stadium Baths 201 S. 20th

NEBRASKA

OMAHA

Diamond Bar 516 S. 16th

NEVADA

LAS VEGAS

Las Vegas Spa (baths) 1130 S. Casino Ctr. Bl.
Other Place 5410 Paradise Rd.

Sixteen-Ten 1610 E. Charleston Blvd.

RENO

Club Baths 1030 W. 2nd St.
Trapp 5201 W. 4th St.

NEW JERSEY

ATLANTIC CITY (SEASONAL)

Ramrod (above Lark Inn) 174 S. New York

BRICKTOWN

The Egyptian Baths 1714 Hwy. 88

CAMDEN

Club Camden Baths 1498 Broadway

NEW YORK

BUFFALO

Club Buffalo Baths 44 Almeda (Amherst)

Villa Capri 926 Main at Allian

FIRE ISLAND — CHERRY GROVE/PINES

"Meat Rack" — Outdoor Action Area

Sea Shack Cherry Grove

MANHATTAN

Badlands 388 West St. at Christopher

Barbary Coast 64 7th Ave.

Beacon Baths 227 E. 45th St.

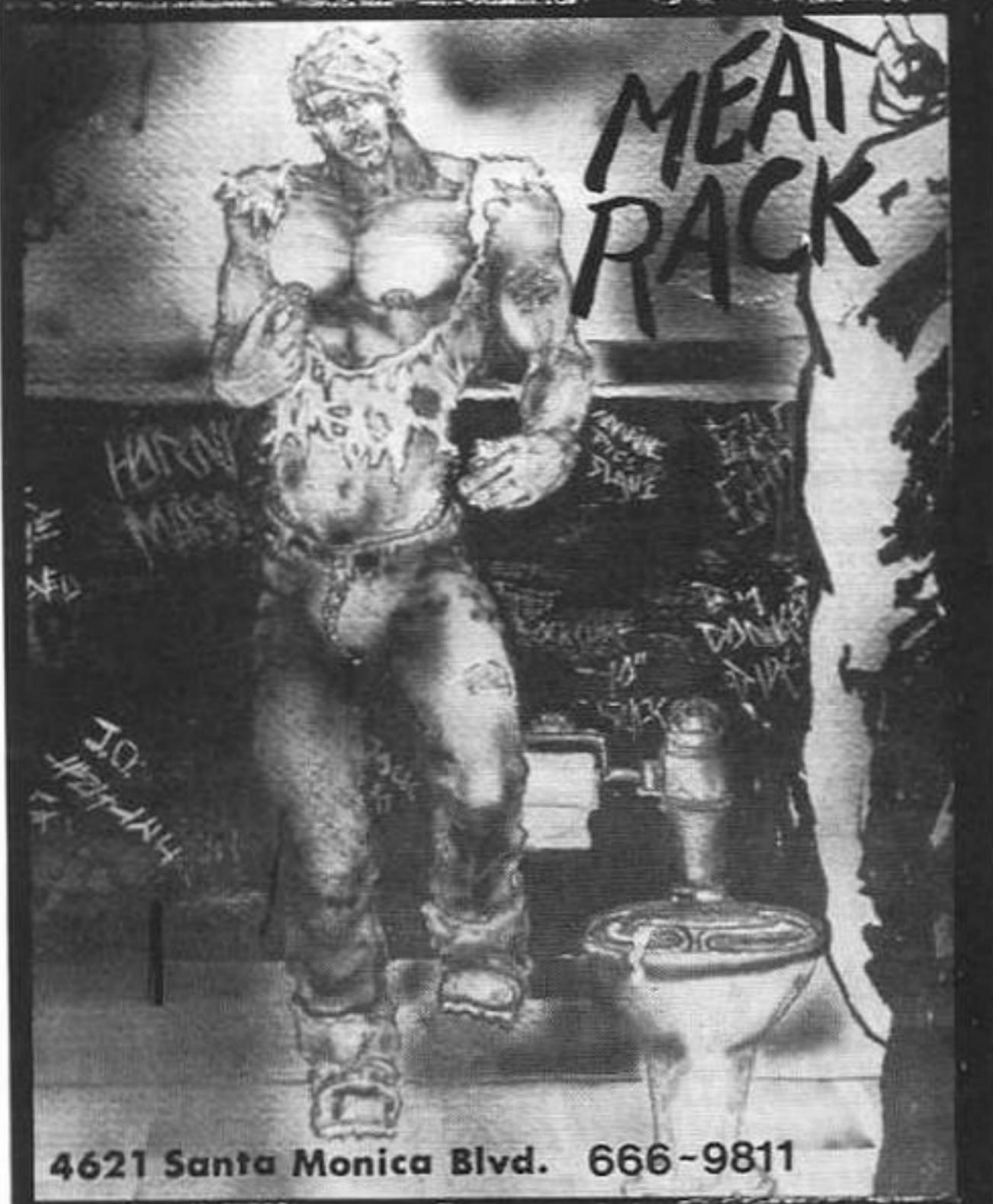
Boot Hill 317 Amsterdam at 75th St.

Boots and Saddle 76 Christopher

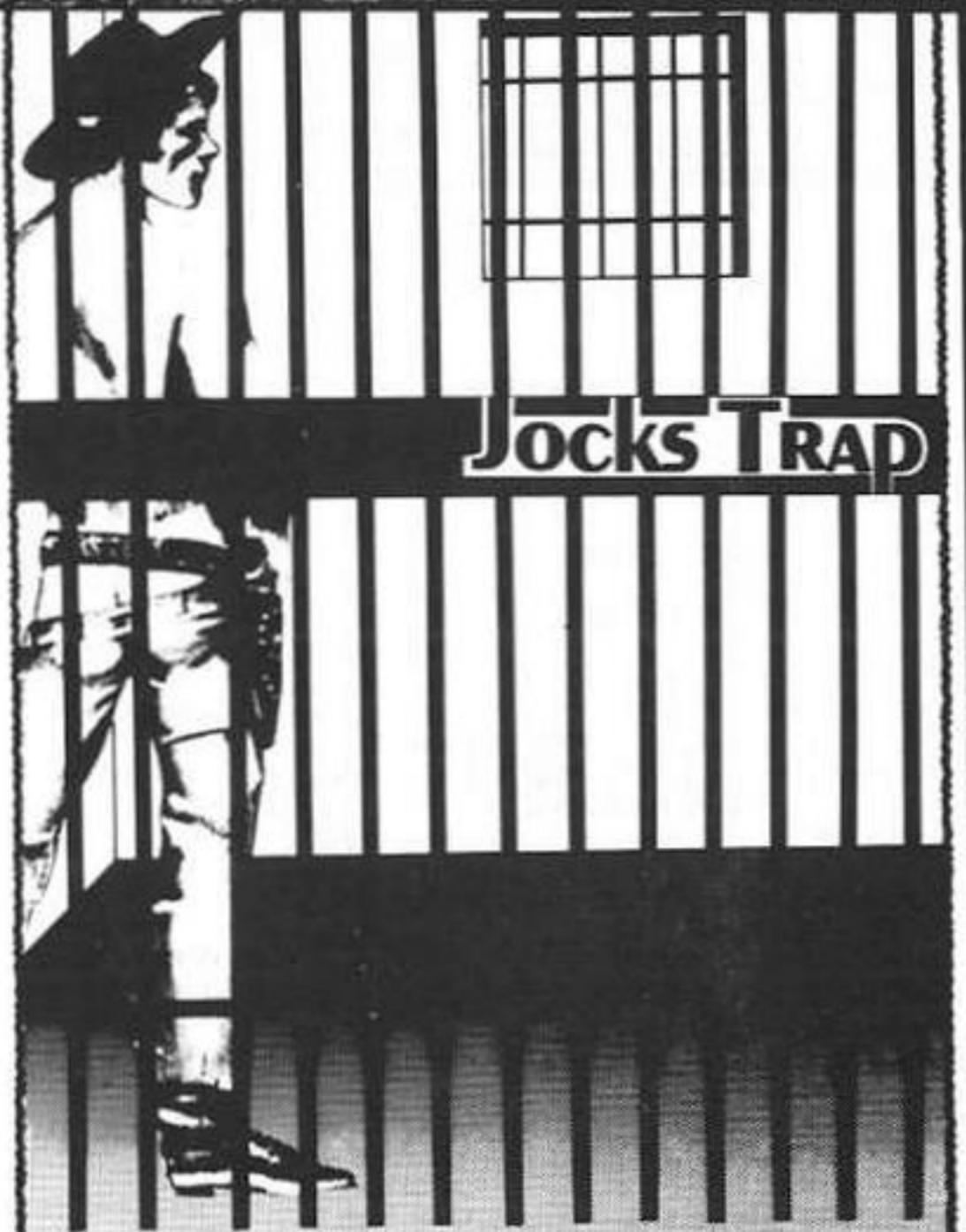
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Half Breed 168 Amsterdam at 68th St.
International Stud 733 Greenwich St.
Kellers 384 West St. at Barrow
Main Man 305 Columbus Ave. at 74th St.
Man's Country 28 W. 15th St.
Mineshaft (private club) 832 Washington St.
Ramrod 394 West St.
Sauna Baths 300 W. 58th St.
Spike 120 11th Ave. at 20th St.
The Stallion 277 Bleeker St. at Jones
St. Marks Baths 6 St. Marks Place
The Strap 18th St. at 10th Ave.
Ty's 114 Christopher St.
Wall Street Sauna 1 Maiden Lane
Wildwood 308 Columbus Ave. at 74th St.

ROCHESTER

Adonis Sauna 92 North St.
Bachelor Forum 1065 E. Main
Roman Sauna Baths 109 North St.

NORTH CAROLINA

CHARLOTTE

Club South Baths of Charlotte 1708 South Blvd.
New Brass Rail 3513 W. Wilkinson Blvd.
Original Brass Rail 105 W. Morehead
RALEIGH 1622 Glenwood Ave.

OHIO

CINCINNATI

Badland's Territory 419 Plum St.
CLEVELAND

Club Steam Baths 1448 W. 32nd St.
Club Cleveland II Baths 1293 W. 9th
LEATHER STALLION 2203 St. Claire Ave.

COLUMBUS

The Loft 622 S. High St. (above The Grotto)
Tradewinds II 117 E. Chestnut

TOLEDO

Club Toledo Baths 1122 Monroe St.
Lenny's Other Side 3330 Secor Rd.
THE RUSTLER SALOON 4023 Monroe St.
San Francisco Sunbaths 3330 Secor Rd.

OREGON

PORLAND

Club Continental 531 S.W. Park Ave.
Dahl & Penne 604 S.W. 2nd
Majestic Hotel & Club Baths 303 S.W. 12th Av.
Other Inn 242 S.W. Adler
Olympic Baths 531 S.W. 12th St.
Tavern ('Half Moon') 122 S.W. Yamhill

PENNSYLVANIA

PHILADELPHIA

Barrick's (baths) 1813 Sansom St.
Cell Block 206 So. Camac
247/Corral 247 S. 17th St.
Post 1705 Chancellor
Westbury Bar 271 So. 15th St.

PITTSBURGH

Rathskellar 1226 Herron Ave.
Schume's Liberty Baths 917 Liberty Ave.

READING

Red Star 143 N. 10th St.

PUERTO RICO

SAN JUAN

Lion of St. Mark's Baths 205 Calle Luna
Main Street Bar 257 Calle San Jose

San Francisco Inn 263 Calle San Francisco
Ten Twenty Club 1020A Ashford (Condado)

TEXAS

AUSTIN

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DALLAS

Bachelors Quarters Baths 3116 Live Oak
Chuck's Truck Stop 3019 Haskell
Club Dallas Baths 2616 Swiss Ave.
Nail 1804 N. Harwood
Sundance Kid 4025 Maple
Tex's Ranch 4117 Maple
Throckmorton Mining Co. 3014 Throckmorton

FORT WORTH

651 Club 651 So. Jennings

HOUSTON

Barn 710 Pacific St.
Club Houston Baths 2205 Fannin
Countryside 1318 Westheimer
Exile 1011 Bell
Locker 1732 Westheimer
Mary's 1022 Westheimer
2306 Club (private) 2306 Genesee
Silver Bullet Saloon 1005 California

VIRGINIA

NORFOLK

Ritz Bar 131 Brooke Ave.

RICHMOND

Male Box Shepard & Idlewood

WASHINGTON

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JOHNNY'S HANDLEBAR 2018 1st Ave.
MARSHALL'S OFFICE 1224 Howell
Zodiac Club Baths 1117 Pike St.

WISCONSIN

GREEN BAY

Man Hole 207 So. Washington

MILWAUKEE

Club Milwaukee Baths 704-A W. Wisconsin
On Broadway Health Club 158 N. Broadway
WRECK ROOM 266 E. Erie

CANADA

MONTREAL

Continental Montreal (baths) 456 La Gauchetiere

TORONTO

Bud's 1250 Stanley
Dominion Square Tavern 1243 Metcalfe
Joe Beef's Tavern 201 de la Commune
Monarch Cafe 164 St. Catherine St. E.

Barn Church at Granby
Ruddy's Backroom Bar (behind Crispins) 64 Gerrard

Barracks, Ltd. (baths) 56 Widmer St.
Club Baths 231 Mutual St.
Dudes 10 Breadalbane St.

Parkside Tavern 530 Yonge St.
Roman Sauna 740 Bay St.

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Playpen South (weekends, AH) 1369 Richards
Shaggy Horse 818 Richards St.
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Tony Plewak should have been credited for the photo on page 12 of "Rodeo Blues" in DRUMMER 26.

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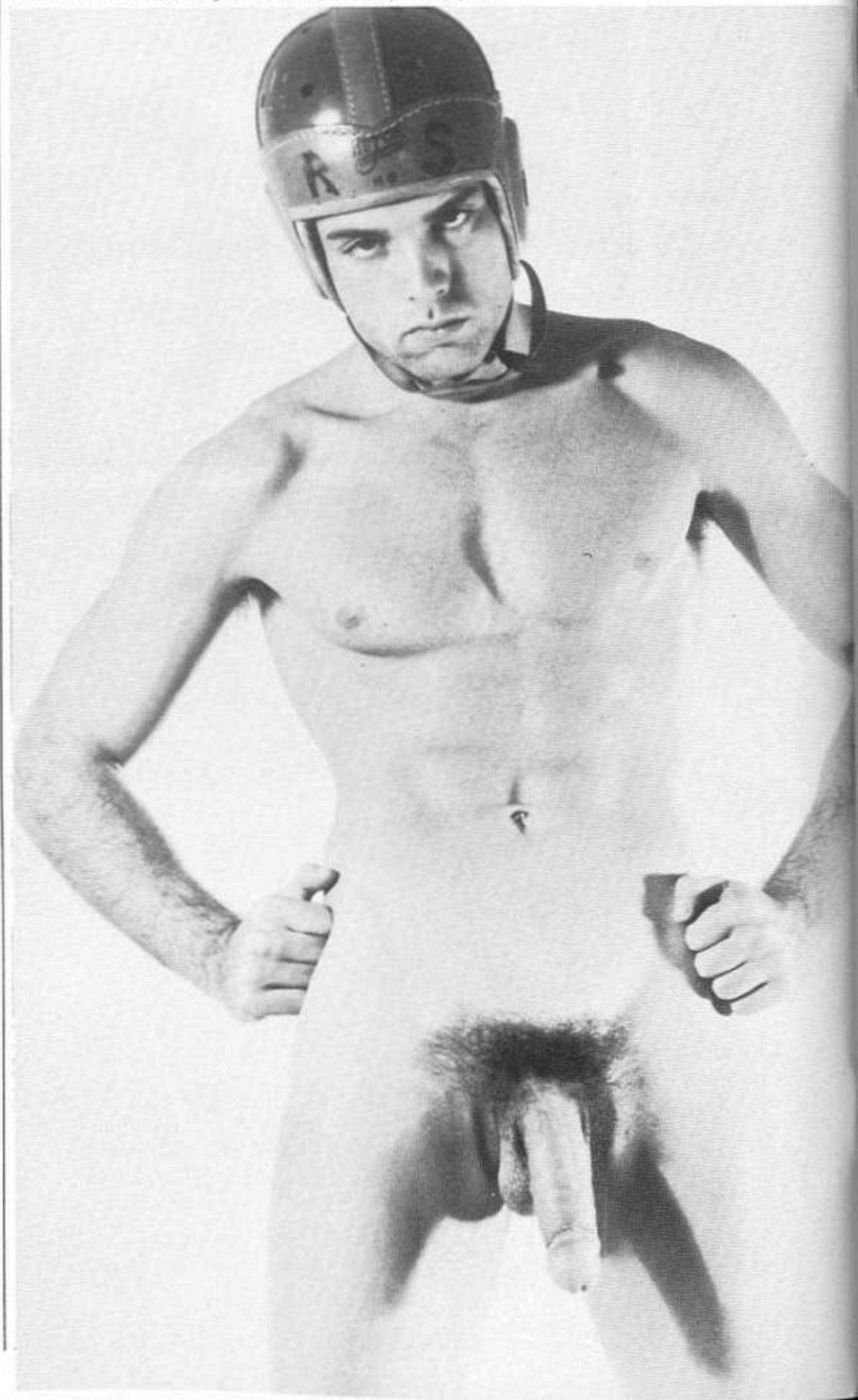
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Photo by P. Miller

